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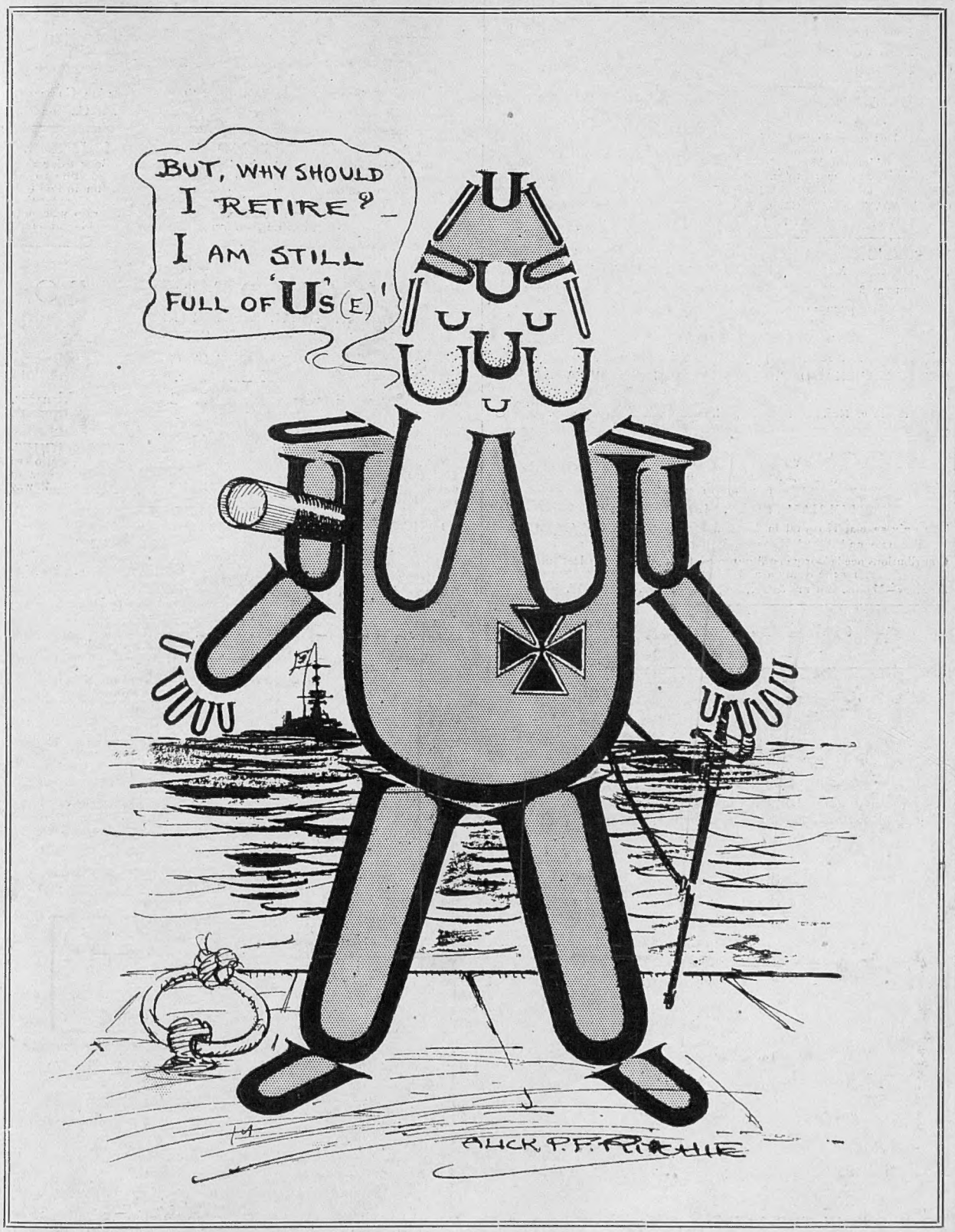
The BYSTANDER



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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada, under 1½lb. 1½d. To any other part of the world the weight would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

"Bystander" War Forecast Competition

A reduced facsimile reproduction of "The Bystander" War Map, for use by competitors in the War Forecast Competition. Copies of the map obtainable free on application to the Editor, "The Bystander," Tallis House, London, E.C.
For details see page 424 of this issue

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

That Secret

IN a week of many sensations, which to choose? A drawing of lots decides me in favour of the "GREAT WAR SECRET" which certain evening news-bills announced to be "out"—the explosion at the Ochta arsenal, the Russian Woolwich, recorded for the edification of the world in *The Great War*, Part 57, sixpence net, and adapted to evening copy by one of my little halfpenny friends.

***

"Some" Explosion

This disaster is alleged to have killed thousands of workmen, shaken Petrograd like an earthquake, and completely crippled Russia. "Most of her guns were put out of action because they lacked both shells and charges, and even the supply of smokeless powder for infantry seems to have run short." Great siege guns were immobilised, and "so extreme was the dearth of ammunition that nothing could be done against the heavy artillery of General von Mackensen. Russia had, therefore, to fight for time while her principal Allies came to her assistance by the circuitous Archangel route. In particular, Great Britain and France had to give up all thought of a great Spring offensive, to husband their stocks of ammunition, and pour as much shell and smokeless powder into Russia as they could safely spare."

***

What It Has Exploded

Considerable damage, indeed, to the whole Allied campaign, but incidentally to certain lesser, but nevertheless very important, campaigns. The explosion at Ochta, if correctly described in this publication (which was passed by the Censor, and is still on sale on the bookstalls) blows into smithereens the whole arsenal of munitions for the Carmelite campaign against Lord Kitchener. The holding up of our Spring offensive is still said to have been due, it is true, to a shortage of shells for our own forces, but that shortage was *not* due to a "tragic blunder" on the part of our War Minister, as all the world was told in screaming black letters, but to a disaster that had no more to do with Lord Kitchener than with the man in the moon—less, probably. If we had enough shells on hand to be able to restock our Ally *via* Archangel, then we had enough to restock our own forces, but were compelled to deny ourselves the use of the same. Our crime was *not* slackness and unpreparedness, but self-sacrifice in the cause of our Ally. There was no tragic blunder, but there has been a wicked libel, not only on Lord Kitchener, but on the whole British nation.

***

Now We Know

The present situation at the front, in our *beautiful* newspapers, has hitherto been said to be due solely and exclusively to the failure of Britain to do her share. Owing to our muddle and negligence, to the failure of our voluntary recruiting system, we broke our part, it was said, of the great bargain of the Allies. As a consequence, poor, misled, betrayed Russia was compelled to evacuate Galicia and Poland. That is what had been pumped into us day after day. That is the basis of the whole agitation for compulsory service. And now, in a publication issued by the Amalgamated Press, and quoted by the Carmelites, it goes forth to the world that there was no failure on our part whatsoever: that we were ready and able to do our bit, but that an unforeseen disaster to Russia caused us to hold up our offensive. Had it not been for that, all would have been as well as possible. For, having sufficient shells, we *could* have put forth our best effort to turn the Germans out of France and Belgium. But Russia's need prevented.

***

Where Do We Stand?

The speeches in Parliament last week were of a profoundly depressing character. Neither the Premier nor the War Secretary was able to give us any particular ground for hoping that the near future is likely to redress the balance in favour of the Allies. Victory is said to depend solely on our being able to put an indefinite number of new men and new munitions into the field, and the voluntary system has not provided the expected new levies, while the labour world is not doing all that is needed for Mr. Lloyd George.

***

Men or the Man?

The case for compulsion seems to be made out if experts decide that the eligible men are available, and that there are several millions who could be enlisted without loss to the productive industries of the country. Not one word do we, as patriots, say against compulsion, if and when it is decided on by the Cabinet. What we do venture to point out is, however, that it is not the men who are the decisive factor in

(*Continued on page 400*)

Our War Forecast Competition.

READERS are invited to lose no time in applying for their entry-forms (for details see page 424), as the prize will go to the sender of the most skilful forecast at the earliest date.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 399)

victory, but the *man* (as I believe Napoleon said—and proved). There is an uneasy belief very prevalent that we are raising such men and the munitions as we have without any precise guarantee that we have the *man* who knows how to use them to the end of victory in the field. We have in Lord Kitchener a great campaign organiser, and in the Cabinet are many brilliant strategists. But the lack seems to be of executive genius in the field.

***

Wanted a Leader

The country will agree to compulsion, one supposes, though the Labour Party say no, with rather a loud voice, and Mr. J. H. Thomas threatens a railway strike. But what individuals all over the country are asking is, Have we the *leadership* for victory, if we conscripted and fully equipped every man, woman, cat, dog, chicken, mouse, and canary? The men are there, but the Man, though we wait, and wait, and wait, we somehow do not see.

***

Brilliant Miscalculations

What seems to have happened in the present war is a sequence of brilliant miscalculations. We miscalculated the coming of the war itself and the cost of it when it came. When we went into it, we miscalculated the means by which we were to attain the various ends. There was the Antwerp miscalculation; there was the Dardanelles miscalculation; there was the miscalculation as to the capacity of Voluntarism to raise the desired number of men; there has been the miscalculation of our Navy as to the "digging of rats out of a hole"; the miscalculation as to the defences against Zeppelins.

***

British Pertinacity

I am not among the croakers, however, and thank Heaven the war has discovered in us a capacity, sooner or later, to make up for our failures of foresight. We discovered a "way" of dealing with Tirpitz's villainous U boats, and, I understand, the prospect of a winter campaign in Gallipoli is not by any means regarded by the authorities with alarm. Certain difficulties of a maritime character, which hampered us in the spring, have been, so they say, brilliantly provided against for the coming bad weather, and when the time comes for sorting out the sheep from the goats among our campaign managers it will not be in the Navy that the latter species of animal will be found.

BISSING WILL BE MISSING

Baron von Bissing with his wife on Saturday last. The authorities having finally decided to intern him, he was not averse from providing the photographer with the opportunity of obtaining this parting souvenir of his residence at Brighton as a free and independent alien enemy

Quite Likely

The manœuvres of Bulgaria have filled us with alarm of late. Everything pointed to the final patching-up of an agreement with Turkey. But it does not follow at all that, whatever she arranges with Turkey, Bulgaria will join the Central Powers. Has it struck you that the Turks may be calling in the Bulgarians to *save* them from their Teuton friends, and that the next thing we shall be reading about will be Turkish overtures for peace with the *Entente*?

***

Quite the Reverse

It is not, as it were, likely that the Bulgars will be such fools as to allow that German army to pass through their country, and to instal themselves on the Bosporus, thus once and for all shattering Ferdinand's dream, which came so near realisation three years ago, to be crowned Emperor of the East in Saint Sofia.

***

The Good-Humoured Turk

Regarding the feeling between Briton and Turk, a man from the Dardanelles, among other many interesting things which I can't publish, writes the following that I suppose I can:

> "The one thing one would not have associated with war is dulness — but that, on the whole, is its most striking characteristic. . . . However, I am glad to be here rather than in France, at present: there is more to learn. On the other hand, it is not easy to maintain a 'hate' against the Turk. He is a respectable old gentleman who fights well and without malice, and accepts captivity with good humour and dignity."

***

"What's Mine?"

The "no treating" order is excellent. It is the first step towards the New Egoism. Of all the absurd travesties of generosity, "What's Yours?" was the silliest. In future it will be merely "What's mine?" When we are thirsty, we shall simply say, with superb selfishness, "I am going to have a drink." And if the other fellow isn't, well, he will go without, while we shall go within.

(*Continued on page 402*)

Not Found Wanting

WILLIAM: "So whoever else fails me, it will not be the British!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 400)

"Through German Eyes"

A BYSTANDER contributor who has recently returned from a longish stay in Switzerland, tells me some interesting things regarding some real conversations he has had out there with real live Huns. I shall be

YOUNG AMERICA: "Father, what did you do in the great war?"

publishing some of these in our forthcoming numbers. What the Germans are really saying—and thinking—is at present a closed book to British newspaper readers. The "Through German Eyes" columns of the daily Press seem to consist either of irresponsible fulminations from notorious journals such as *Der Post* and the *Deutsche Tageszeiung* or the foamings of the two epileptic Hamburg rags. Occasionally we get inept ponderosities from the *Cologne Gazette*, and semi-official innocuosities from the *Frankfurt Gazette*. But nobody of any sense over here supposes that these organs speak the mind of the serious citizens of the German Empire. Why such enormous attention is given to them in our Press passes comprehension. It is as though the views of Mr. Horatio Bottomley, Mr. Leo Maxse, Mr. Blatchford, and Mr. Arnold White were to be thought in Germany to speak the mind of the British.

* * *

Our Credulity

Enormous importance is attached, for instance, to the writings of one Otto Hauser in the *Tageszeitung*. This raving maniac sets to work to prove that only blue-eyed and fair-haired people (*i.e.*, Teutons) have ever accomplished anything in the world. As about half the Germans themselves are neither blue-eyed nor fair-haired, one can imagine the effect this sort of balderdash has on the average German mind. And yet over here we persist in presuming that every hysterical German shriek, no matter how obscure, represents the considered judgment of the whole people.

The Other Side of the Picture

To look on our own side of the picture, what will be said in Berlin if there is quoted in that capital such a "typical" British expression of "culture" as one that appeared over the signature of Charles Vidal Diehl in the London morning paper which is deservedly the most popular in Germany. According to this gentleman, "Hun music" is a "debasing influence that ought to be destroyed. The invasion of the music of the modern Hun has had more effect in debasing character than if he had conquered the world." Wagner, it seems, "forced upon us his disgusting prelude to the third act of *Lohengrin*, the meaning of which could not be put into words by any self-respecting writer." The "meaning" of any kind of music, Mr. Diehl, is contained in the music, and not in any "words" that a diseased and dirty-minded person may choose to fancy he reads into it. The prelude to the third act of *Lohengrin* is as pure a piece of joyous art as ever came from the human soul, uplifting and sublime, in itself almost enough to make an art-lover pardon some of the political sins committed by the rulers of the nation that produced it.

* * *

Stupendous Ignorance

And Wagner, Mr. Diehl, was not a Hun (*i.e.*, a Prussian), but a Saxon, who was expelled from Germany in 1848, and lived his life in exile, because he was a revolutionary against the militarism of that period, as he certainly would have been against that of the present. But nobody who knows a scintilla about music is in the least influenced by such ravings as these, which can only come from an individual who distinguishes with difficulty, and wrongly, between "God Save the King" and "Rule Britannia."

ZEALOUS SPECIAL (*imperiously*): "Look here—put out that cigarette light. There's Zepps about"

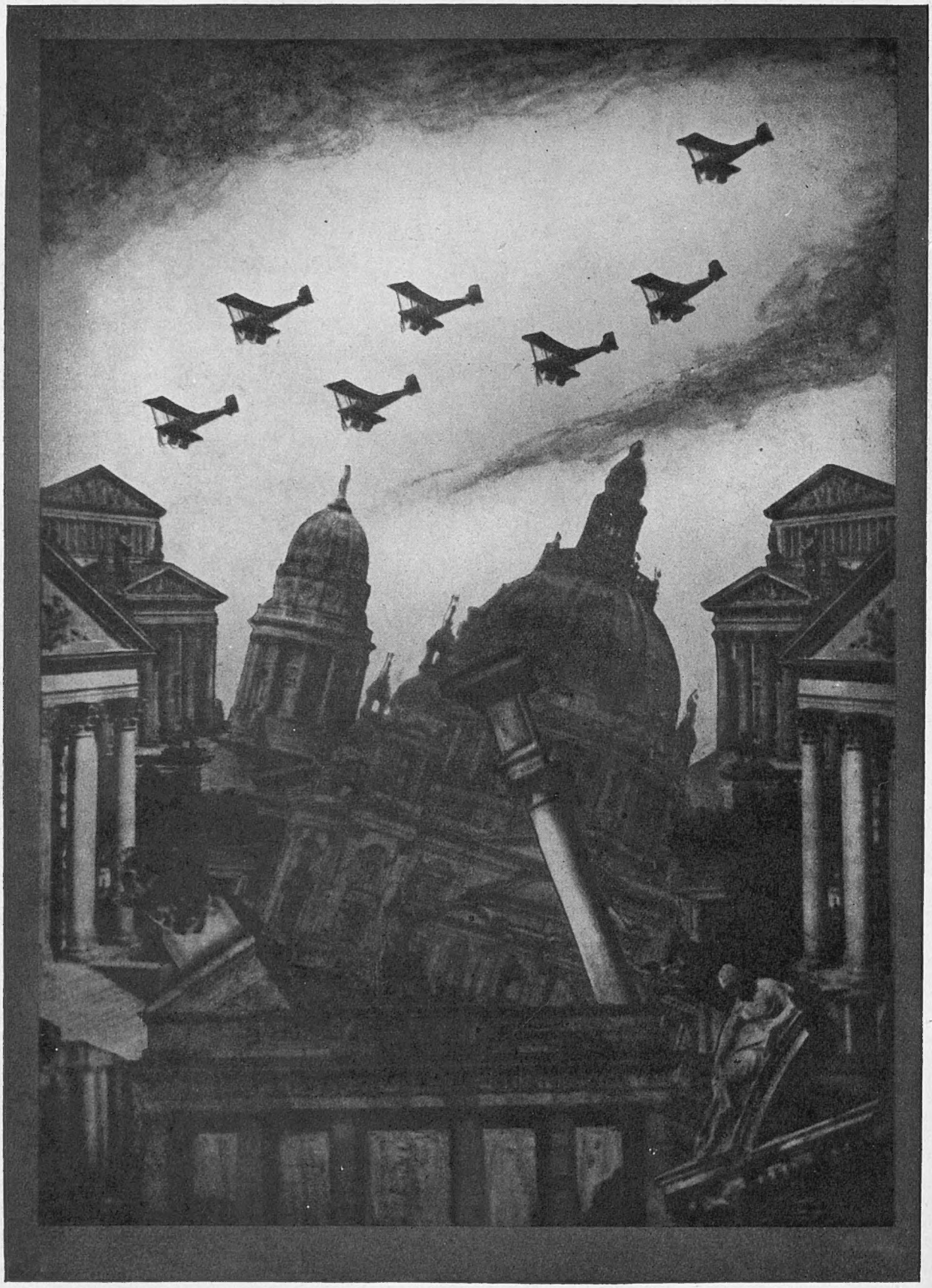
Happy Thought! Send for Scott!

ADMIRAL SIR PERCY SCOTT: FROM THE PORTRAIT BY COLLIER

"The Father of Gunnery in the British Navy," who has recently been appointed to take charge of the gunnery defences of London against aircraft—not, we may venture to think, a moment before he was wanted. The picture is a reproduction of his portrait by the Hon. John Collier, R.A., and shows him holding in his hand the old type of gun-sight, while on the table is lying the new type of sight, invented by him, which has entirely superseded it

In Berlin—When?

WHAT EVERY BRITON NOW WANTS TO SEE



A PHOTO-CUBIST FANTASY

[The photograph is "composed" from various of the principal public buildings in the Prussian capital, the central one being the Cathedral, on the left the Opera House, and in the foreground the Brandenburg Gate]

BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

LONDON, *September* 20.

DEAR COUSIN—

"SOMEWHERE in England" the other morning, before *reveillé* sounded from the camp at the foot of the hill, and while the mists still lay in the little hollows about the brook, the tap-tap of horses' hoofs, a soft pad-pad of many feet, and a sharp call of "Jess," "Jock," followed by the crack of a whip, awoke me. And the sound brought with it a pang of remembrance and a throb of pride. The remembrance for the joyous riders to cubbing of bygone Septembers, the pride that so many whose courage was first tested in the hunting-field have since proved their gallantry to the hilt under a far sterner test.

* * *

But it's been easy to be proud lately. There's something in the air of a golden September like this one that makes for defiance and determination, don't you think? And we're knitting and sewing and laying in stocks of comforts for Tommy and coal for ourselves and courage for the dark days ahead as hard as ever we can.

* * *

"As for the new poise—it's a sort of 'stand easy.' It comes with practice"

And for the Zeps. too—I suppose they're to be part of our autumn programme as well. By the way, I've met at least one person who saw bombs dropping two or three miles away and didn't trouble to go any nearer, and another who was quite near and would have taken a lot of trouble to have gone further away—only he was so afraid of letting himself be frightened. Which reminds me that somebody said during our last war—that little South African thing we thought so big—that in future no one would have the moral courage to be a coward.

* * *

Exactly how much courage that needs I haven't an idea. Nor how much courage it takes not to be frightened when you are one of seven million people in—well, in an area where there's a Zeppelin raid—and the raid means killing seventeen of them. I got a man to work out *that* proportion for me and he says it's 411,763 (and rather more figures than that in decimals) to one against my being killed. So I'm not going to let myself get prematurely old about it.

* * *

I'm really rather sorry, though, that the raids didn't make us do more strafe-ing. The sight of people—the Prime Minister and Mr. and Mrs. McKenna among them—going about in taxis to see the results, and the excursions nightly to the heights of Hampstead with bottles of Pommery and game pies to "see the fireworks" and all the rest of the things that followed the first raid on "the London district" worried me almost as much as it would have worried Count Zep. and the Kaiser if they could have known about it all—only for a different reason.

* * *

A scientist, by the way, has been carefully explaining somewhere that Hate increases the amount of sugar in our blood, and *that*, it seems, increases the energy and makes people in a condition "should they come across the object of their hate to exert the maximum of harm upon it." I'm beginning to think, and perhaps Mr. Lloyd George does too, that if the Zeps. make us do just a little hating on our own it mightn't be altogether a bad thing. Quite amazing, isn't it, the way he keeps on warning *us* against perils that he and his colleagues, who have been in office ten years, were there to anticipate?

* * *

By the way, it's rather a sign of the times, isn't it, that when even the pluckiest of Ministers wants to talk to us with the gloves off, so to speak, he daren't do it except in a roundabout sort of way? You see, no one can prevent him saying what he really means in a preface to a book, but if he did it in a speech or an interview there'd be all sorts of party ructions. So they tell me, and I hear he's refused dozens of interviews in the last week or two. He really is *the* Man of the Moment, isn't he?

* * *

Meanwhile, "Uniforms for Women" is the cry of the moment. You simply have to have them. Not, of course, the Khaki-and-Colonial-hat kind of those energetic ladies who are hoping to figure in W.O. dispatches some day. Nor even the neat V.A.D. uniform (the newest regulations say "No veils or jewellery to be worn" and "plain black stockings," but they're silent about the height of the heels). No, I mean that the uniforms worn by women who are making munitions or driving taxis or clipping tickets on railways or working as postmen are *so* becoming that everyone wants to have one too.

* * *

Uniforms for canteen workers will be the next thing, I expect. Then we can *all* have them, for as long as you *do* put in an hour a week when you know a reporter is likely to be there you can claim to be a canteen worker. And I expect "organisers" will design something with pink bits on it for themselves.

* * *

And to match the uniform comes the new walk, and the new poise, and the new voice. Crisp and clear, the latter, and conversation to match, in short emphatic sentences. And the walk a rather springy stride, as if you really had to get somewhere at a stated time. Punctuality, you know, has become quite smart, even when you're meeting a man—and with the new easy-to-put-on hat it's become

comparatively easy, too. As for the new poise, it's a sort of "stand easy," hands behind back and feet firmly planted on the ground. It comes with practice.

* * *

The War Office is badly bitten by the economy craze. Bully beef tins at the front that haven't been opened are to be collected and sent back to store, I hear. And I guess some of the tins will do "some" travelling before the end of the war, for judging from the letters I read from the front the men are so tired of it they usually save things sent them for bully beef days, and never look at their meat ration. Their cheese ration has been reduced too, likewise rum—though I expect it will be served out again in the winter—at any rate I hope so.

* * *

Then the billeting rate has been lowered. There won't be any grumbling about that, for the woman who gets 17s. 6d. a week for a soldier when she's been used to feeding the whole family on about the same rate, will still think herself lucky. But it does show that, in spite of all the nasty things people say about the W.O., it's willing to learn—though it doesn't exactly dash at it.

* * *

But then it has such momentous problems to settle, doesn't it? I wonder what bright spirit decided that we were likely to lose the war unless the motor lorry drivers gave up their playful little habit of naming their lorries "The Jibber," or "Nobody Loves Me"? Anyway, the men who bought red or blue paint and carefully adorned Government property with these saucy titles have got to wipe them all out and refer to their beloved one as "A.M.T.S. 444" or something soulless like that. They're not even allowed to have a mascot on the bonnet now.

* * *

I'm told the new C.-in.-C. of the Kiel Canal Fleet isn't dead nuts at all on a sitting still policy, and that we may have a chance to realise that the German navy isn't all missing submarines before long. "It won't mean a big battle, but we may get a few scraps," writes a man from the North Sea. "And, oh, Blanche, may it be soon, for we're all bored stiff." The boys in blue and gold don't get much in the way of leave, do they? And somehow when they do get it London doesn't seem to attract them quite so irresistibly as it does their khaki brothers.

* * *

We don't hear much about how the dear men in blue are getting on out at *their* front either, do we? The only news most of us get about them at all is when some American journalist gets shown round with all the honours and we're allowed to hear what *he* thinks about it. Wonderful people, these American newspaper men, aren't they? Have the run of the Grand Fleet, get personally conducted along the firing line, interview Cabinet Ministers, and hobnob with crowned heads and red-tabbed Dukes.

* * *

And what a lucky country America is to have them—as well as all the other things she's got. Charlie Chaplin in the flesh for one, and lots of English actors (since the war began), and no war—only lots of pride that prevents her fighting.

* * *

You know, I should have thought that it was just as important to go into some sort of training for leading men to storm a trench or climb heights in Gallipoli as for a boat race. But some of the newest subs, anyway, don't seem to think so. Lots of people wonder whether they do any training at all. They seem to have such lots of leisure, don't they?

* * *

"And what a lucky country America is to have Charlie Chaplin in the flesh as well as all the other things she's got"

One thing I'm afraid I shall never understand. It's about committees—though there are so many of them in London now you'd think anybody ought to know how they work. Sometimes, I gather, you have committees to find out all about something, and then, if what they find out isn't what you wanted, you find fault with the finding and appoint another committee to find out if they were right.

* * *

They've had a committee, you know, to find out about getting men into khaki, and whether the voluntary system will go on doing well enough if you have plenty of placards and get enough actresses to speak at recruiting meetings, or whether we must have compulsion. I read in a Liberal paper the other day that four of the members were for compulsion and two of them against. But it went on to say that the Government couldn't be expected to go by what the four said, because they were such horrid prejudiced people.

* * *

That makes me think that perhaps committees are sometimes dangerous instead of useful—I mean if nasty prejudiced people *will* come on to them—and I suppose you can't help them coming on. I know sometimes when people have committees they do just what the majority say they ought to, but I suppose this must have been a select committee. They call it that, don't they, when you ignore the majority and go by the select few? But, as I said before, I don't really understand a thing about committees.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

What Does It Portend?

GENERAL JOFFRE'S HISTORIC VISIT TO THE ITALIAN FRONT

INCIDENTS OF THE VISIT OF THE FRENCH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF TO THE ITALIAN FRONT

From the visit of the French generalissimo to the Italian front, which took place so unexpectedly the week before last, important events are expected to follow, affecting the entire course of the war. In the upper illustration General Joffre is seen with the King of Italy and in the lower with General Cadorna

Enough of these "Bombshells"!

A FEW PLAIN WORDS TO MR. LLOYD GEORGE

THE nation is growing a little tired of bombshells — not necessarily those of Count Zeppelin, which are of the war, warlike, but the bombshells so-called of speech, by politicians, Every two or three weeks one of the members of the Pessimist group of Ministers (allied with the Carmelite Press) gets up and "warns" the nation of its "grave peril." Unless something or other is done by us (the British) awful things will be done by them (the Germans). One of the latest raids has been undertaken by Flight-Commander D. Lloyd George, and presumably the effect on the eastern counties and London district of the explosive preface to his book, *Through Terror to Triumph*, has been satisfactory. One hopes that the right people were hit—whoever they may be. If it was an attempt to rally recalcitrant Labour, or the still recalcitrant eligible recruit, no doubt the raid has justified its object. But if the intention was to be frightful at the expense of the whole community, Mr. George ought to know by this time that it doesn't work, by whomsoever the bombs are thrown and of whatever kind of gas they are composed.

—•••—

Provided he himself be not hurt, the British citizen remains as calm under the raids of screech-politicians as he does of hostile aircraft. No more than can Zeppelin bombs compel the British nation to clamour for peace can Lloyd George bombs do any more "rallying" than has already been done by the usual lessons of the war. Frankly, there is nothing doing in the rallying department. The British public doesn't want rallying. It believes, rightly or wrongly, that as a public it has contributed its share to the conduct of the war into which it was suddenly and unpreparedly flung by its Government in August, 1914. That is to say, it has sent as voluntary recruits as many human beings as have been susceptible to the prolific appeals of platform, blue-book, leading article, and poster. (According to Mr. Harcourt, the numbers of recruits, if divulged, would "stagger humanity.") It has paid up, or sacrificed, everything in reason that has been asked of it. It has complained of the deprivation of no privilege. It has consented to any taxation demanded, over-subscribed the war loans, accepted the suppression of news reports regarding events whether they have taken place abroad or at home over its very eyes.

—•••—

As a public, the British have done their bit, as the phrase goes. More might undoubtedly have been done by individuals singly, or by corporate bodies, such as Trades Unions or Employers' Federations. If such bodies have done too little, it may be due to a variety of causes that have probably nothing whatever to do with their patriotism. Possibly they have not done more because their offers have been refused, ignored, or pigeon-holed, or because they have had no clear invitation from anybody in authority. Their slackness, if it exists, has no earthly concern with their sentiments as British patriots. Every man, woman, and child in this country wants the war to be successfully, even if it may not be triumphantly, concluded, and if you can convince in any way you like any single individual that he or she could do more than they are doing, you have only got to tell them what it is, and leave the rest to them.

—•••—

What, as I have remarked, the nation is sick of is these "bombshells"—these purely general reflections on its patriotic conduct, by Ministers who are clearly open to the counter question, *What have they done themselves to carry the war to the desired conclusion?* If these miscellaneous attacks on the public continue much longer, that question will get itself asked in big black letters somewhere, with a query mark as high as the dome of the principle church of the London district of the eastern counties.

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In Russia, the campaign having gone all wrong, the Russian people have turned out neck and crop every single soldier and statesman who has been responsible for the failure, and taken affairs into the hands of themselves. That is to say, the Russian Duma, backed up by popular organisations of every kind, has reconstructed the management of the whole machine, retaining the Tsar himself as titular figurehead. And the Russians are not a "democratic" people. Over here, though there has been no disaster, things have not gone as per programme. Twelve months after the war we are as far from "crushing Prussian militarism" (Mr. Asquith) as ever we have been, and a bit farther. The "democratic" British, however, instead of turning out the men responsible for our alleged failures, allow them to remain in office, and actually tolerate the cool impertinence with which they drop "bombshells"—in other words, cast on the mass of the people the blame for their own blunders.

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If it be true that the postponement so long of the advertised "great offensive" that was to fling the Boches out of Belgium, the omission of the Navy to "dig the rats out of the hole," and the failure to take the Dardanelles either by land or sea are failures of our strategy or organisation, then the people to be blamed are not the public, but the men who planned that strategy, and failed to carry out that organisation. If the failures have been due to military incompetence, it was the Government who appointed the Commanders, and could have dismissed them as the Russians have done. If the failure is due to lack of high explosives, rifles, machine-guns, then it is the Government who is responsible. It was their job, not that of the British public, to mobilise the national resources. If contractors failed to carry out contracts, the Government is to be blamed for having failed to exercise the needed supervision. If Labour failed of its task, the

ENOUGH OF THESE "BOMBSHELLS"! (*concluded from page* 408)

Government is responsible for having failed to institute, early in the war, the necessary guarantees. If Trades Unions have proved too strong, who but the Government—the late one—has to be thanked for the power of the Unions to impede work? It was His Majesty's late Ministers who placed the Unions above the law.

If the British nation as a whole has proved itself ill-equipped for war and impossible to organise, the British nation is only what its rulers have allowed it to become in the peace years that preceded the war. The Foreign Minister had all the information as to the state of Europe. Our War Department had—or ought to have had—all the necessary knowledge as to the nature of the enemy's preparations. If those departments failed to advise the Cabinet and Parliament of what was happening, and, as a result, the war found us utterly unprepared, the people to be hanged, drawn, and quartered are those Departments or the Cabinet, or the whole lot of them. If the Germans are so much better organised for war, it is because their Government organised them. They did not organise themselves. Had they had such a Government as ours, that had lulled them into a sense of false security in the belief that nobody would ever dream of attacking them, the Germans would have been in precisely the same position as were we ourselves.

Now we can understand an attack *en masse* on the late Government by the People, but what we positively will not stand is an attack on the people by members of the late Government, least of all by Mr. Lloyd George. It is rather necessary, if a little distasteful, to remind this politician that he has been the leading figure of the last ten years of our lives. He has called the tune of our party politics. It was he who won, on his financial and political programme, the last two elections. In his speeches the only wars we were abjured to contemplate and mobilise for were wars against dukes and landlords in the so-called relief of poverty. Our eyes have been turned not to the eagle in his eyrie, but to the slum-dweller. Now, if there were looming in the background that peril that has now unloosed itself on the world, then the statesman who turned our eyes from it, with full knowledge of its imminence, is no man to get up and rail at his fellow-countrymen's slackness or want of organisation. By way of proving that in saying this THE BYSTANDER is saying no new thing, we reproduce below from our issue of July 24, 1912, a cartoon by Mr. E. T. Reed, which tells its own tale.

What is this new idea that the winning of victories is to be achieved by objurgations to the people at large? Did Napoleon win his by attacks on his people? Did Wellington? Did von Moltke? Does Hindenburg? No. They did not throw "bombshells" at the public of their countries, but at the enemy, and beat him in the proper place (the battlefield). If there is a dog's chance of victory for the Allies now, as a whole, or in sections, it is achievable by whoever are the men the Allies have representing them on the battlefield, not by speeches hurled at the helpless public in their trains, 'buses, armchairs, or sitting-rooms. Let Mr. Lloyd George leave off making speeches and writing prefaces, and get on with making munitions. It is up to him, and the Generals appointed by his Cabinet, to win this war.

Our Unheeded Warning to Mr. Lloyd George in 1912

THE GREAT FUTURE SHIP OF STATE, DESIGNED BY MR. LLOYD GEORGE

MR. BULL (*ship-owner*): "You seem, Mr. George, in your plans to have thought of everything conducive to the comfort of those inside—

—But what of the perils that lie in wait without?"

Reproduced from THE BYSTANDER, *July 24, 1912*

"Somewhere in Flanders"

THE ARRIVAL OF THE FLEET.—BY THE BYSTANDER AT THE FRONT

My Dear Bystander—

YOU will have read a few days ago in your morning paper the bald announcement by our old friend Reuter that "Vessels of the British Fleet yesterday bombarded the Belgian coast as far as Ostend."

* * *

This terse communication will probably not strike you as anything more out of the way than the daily information that "Artillery activity continues in the Vosges" or "Fighting with grenades is reported from the Argonne." This is the sort of conversation one imagines:

Mr. Balfour (*ringing up Vice-Admiral B—— on telephone*): "Hullo! Is that you, Admiral? Good morning! A beautiful day, isn't it? What do you think of taking over a few ships and warming up the Belgian coast again, what?"

Vice-Admiral B——: "Quite a good idea. We'll take a run over the first thing to-morrow morning. Well, I must be getting off now to fix up the arrangements. Cheero!" (*Rings off.*) It sounds as easy as falling off a log.

* * *

Yet in cold reality the organisation required for a flotilla of ships with the accompanying host of satellites to cross the water and leave a card on the Belgian coast is an enterprise that is little short of Titanic; only after weeks of careful planning, tireless labour, and splitting departmental headaches is the procession in readiness to weigh anchor and steam away on a mission of concentrated hate. And what a procession it is! No meagre half-score of swift steaming fighting ships speed across the ocean's heaving bosom, to deliver a heavy salvo upon the foe and return as swiftly as they came. Instead, a veritable pageant of gently moving craft—craft of every variety and dimension—is stretched across the sea until lost to view on the crest of the horizon, a picture recalling the glories of the great Armada were it not for the absence of bellying sail and shivering timbers. An imposing sight, the myriad of mine-sweepers forming the circumference of the slow moving circle, the inner protective reinforcement of destroyers and torpedo-boats clustered about the fighting ships with the solicitude of a herd of she-elephants around the lonely bull in the presence of the hunter, the whole vast machine steaming leisurely across the ocean at horse-tram speed symbolical of British phlegm!

* * *

It requires a good deal in these days of blood and iron to upset the equilibrium ot the Belgians or to rouse them to any pitch of excitement, and it was quite surprising to observe the gentle flutter of interest that swept over the countryside in the neighbourhood of operations.

* * *

At a point along the coast where an ideal view is offered, hurrying Flem humanity on bicycles and bony hacks foregather at the crack of dawn, a motley throng converging from every point of the compass until the neighbourhood begins to present the cheering aspect of a racing week at Newmarket. Lurching heavily through the sand the man with pastry wafers stumbles from group to group squatted *en famille* on the beach, refreshing the body with small white grapes wrapped in the columns of the local newspaper, and discussing the shortcomings of the next door neighbours. There is no exuberance of spirit. They cannot forget that it is Belgian soil that suffers. If it had only been the German coast. . . . The crowd cheers respectfully and genteelly when the large shells from the German batteries fall wide of the target, sending up a column of water quite 60 feet in height, and they groan quietly in sympathy when the marmites fall dangerously close to the ships. It is a restful picture.

* * *

From a point of vantage more inland one was able to look down upon the target of the British guns. It was good to see the big naval shells thumping into Westende. A fog of smoke and dust hung over the town like a pall partially obliterating it from view. And it was not given to Ostend to escape lightly from the ordeal. Early to suffer was the Ostend lighthouse, used by the Germans to guide their Zeppelins, which was seen to vanish from human ken in a fountain of dust and *débris* to the physical detriment of the Boche engaged in observing from the roof.

* * *

More than forty Allied aeroplanes co-operated with the Fleet in the good work of hammering the Huns, some in bombing the Ostend aerodrome, others keeping hostile aircraft at a distance, and others again scanning the seas for German submarines. Spotting corrections were carried out both by aeroplane and by kite-balloons suspended from a ship.

* * *

The panorama from above was wonderful. The entire ocean seemed dotted with ships of diverse shapes and sizes, the torpedo boats steaming this way and that like a terrier that has lost his master, the mine-sweepers sifting every yard of water with feverish energy, the big ships firing away like good 'uns, then moving off—dignified always—for a brief constitutional before returning to the fray, in this way upsetting the calculations of the German gunners, the destroyers circling about their respective monitors like ducklings round a pond, their wash in the sunlight a gleaming silver snake losing itself in the horizon's edge.

* * *

The firing ceases as suddenly as it began. The great Armada heads slowly in the direction of Dover, and steams quietly away as coolly and deliberately as it came!

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

Another Maxim Maxim

"MACHINE GUNS FORM A VALUABLE SUPPORT FOR INFANTRY"

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

WHAT NOW of the WAR?

Campaign Comments: By Major G. W. Redway

THE Germans have a tiresome way of rubbing in certain truths which most of us instinctively recoil from, and the latest example is found in the *Cologne Gazette*:

"It is no longer possible for us to lose the war because our enemies will never succeed in taking away from us again what we have already conquered in one year in Belgium, France, and Russia."

* * * * *

As to what we shall succeed in taking away time alone will show, but it is annoying to be reminded so often of what we have, at any rate, to attempt, because for the moment all the king's horses and all the king's men do not seem to be able even to make a start. As the *Cologne Gazette* pleasantly puts it:

"The Allies in the West lie helpless in the grip of the German armies. The whole world sees that England and France cannot help the defeated Russia."

When, oh, when, shall we be able to use this sort of language to Germany?

* * * * *

The French authorities seem to have satisfied themselves that the German army has lost 52,041 officers killed, wounded, and missing up to July 15, and upon the assumption that the rank and file do not require their leaders to expose themselves too freely, we may estimate the other casualties at about two millions. And this is not an excessively high butcher's bill if the French with a much smaller army had lost—as they admitted at the end of May—400,000 killed, 700,000 wounded, and 300,000 prisoners, while our own losses (according to Mr. Asquith) for the first year are 382,000 odd. But the British lost one officer to 22.5 men, and on this basis the total German losses would be less than 1¼ million—that is, rather less than the French loss alone. The Russians are reticent on this painful topic, but the enemy does not hesitate to claim over a million prisoners taken since the campaign in Galicia was opened on May 2, and some Berlin humorist has started a weekly Russian newspaper for them.

* * * * *

Lord Robert Cecil is by way of becoming quite popular since his exhilarating Croydon speech, though as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs he is, perhaps, not as disinterested as we could wish all our counsellors and comforters to be. He had "a profound confidence that the cause of truth and justice would ultimately prevail." So had William Shakespeare, but an American humorist put a rider to his aphorism in this way:

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just."—SHAKESPEARE.

"But four times he that gets his blow in fust."—BILLINGS.

I agree with Billings, *pace* Lord Robert Cecil.

* * * * *

To public writers he said: "Let them write with this test perpetually before their minds—How would this appear if this were produced in Berlin?"

Now that is distinctly a new idea, and is quite worth trying. Basing our remarks on Lord Robert's "firm belief"—how much better it would read if he had said *positive knowledge!*—that the Dardanelles expedition was "within a little of a great success, a success which would have an enormous effect in all parts of the world," let us at once point out that "within a little" we may chase the Turks up the peninsula and storm the lines of Bulair at the moment when the Grand Duke, with the Russian army of the Caucasus, scatters the Turks in Armenia and appears at Scutari. The British and French, outstripping the enemy in their front, would cut him off from Constantinople and drive the remnants of the Gallipoli army into the Bosporous.

GENERAL ALEXEIEFF

Who became Chief of Staff to the Tsar on his assumption of the supreme command of the Russian Armies

* * * * *

The Grand Duke, now opportunely arriving, the three Allies press on to the gates of the capital, which are thrown open by the Sultan, while the Young Turks and their followers take refuge in the lines of Tchataldja and fall an easy prey to the Bulgarian army, which by this time has discovered on which side its bread is buttered. The Greeks also join the glad throng that goes marching along to the support of the Serbian and Montenegrin armies which have already invaded Bosnia, while Roumania assails "the rude Carpathian boor," as Goldsmith called him. Austria, rushing southwards and eastwards to protect her property, is harassed in rear by General Cadorna's Italians, and the unhappy Germans, torn by the desire to oppose the Tsar's armies in Poland and at the same time to repel the French invasion of Alsace-Lorraine and the British advance on Mons, desert their ally, who thereupon throws in her lot with the *Entente* Powers, and threatens Silesia as she did in '66. So

(Continued on page 476)

A Hero to All Germany

AND ALSO, ONE PRESUMES, TO HIS WIFE (INSET)

A KOLOSSAL STATUE AND A TINY SNAPSHOT

We publish—as in duty bound—the above photograph of the Kolossal and with-nails-at-a-shilling-a-time-hammered statue of Von Hindenburg. At the same time, there comes into our hands a tiny snapshot of the wife of the Field-Marshal, which we inset on the extreme right flank of the northern sector of this page, wondering at the same time whether the Hero of all Germany is also a hero to his wife. If so, then she has our heartfelt sympathy. It must be very, very trying to live up to, and cater for, such superlative greatness

How on Earth—or by

SKETCH MAP OF THE BALKANS SHOWING THE ISOLATION OF SERBIA FROM HER ALLIES

Which of the various points indicated by the arrows was selected for debarcation by the British naval contingent now at Belgrade?

BRITISH BLUE-JACKETS SIGHTING A BIG GUN FOR A SHOT AT THE AUSTRIAN TRENCHES

ADMIRAL TROUBRIDGE WI
GUN EMP

THE MYSTERY OF THE BRITIS

A question which everybody is asking just now is: How did the Naval contingent, commanded by Admiral Troubridge, which were the possible points of debarcation, and to form their own impressions as to the one actually chosen. The fact Austrians by the accuracy of their gun-fire from building trenches on the banks of the Danube.

Sea—did they get there?

CAPTAIN KERR, D.S.O., ON HIS LEFT, IN A CEMENT OUTSIDE BELGRADE

ADMIRAL TROUBRIDGE WATCHING RANGE-FINDING OPERATIONS

NAVAL CONTINGENT IN SERBIA

ich for some time past has been helping the Serbians, get these big guns there? The map above enables our readers to see s established that they are there, and, what is more, they have been doing most valuable work, especially in preventing the eir presence, likewise, will doubtless be a serious hindrance to further Austrian attempts to cross the river

WHAT NOW OF THE WAR? (concluded from page 412)

oddly do things fall out at a crisis of this kind that America closes her account with the Kaiser, and Sweden, Denmark, and Holland begin to get anxious about their German securities. And now the conditions are fulfilled which Wellington declared a century ago would justify the French crossing the Rhine. "'Tis as easy as lying," as Hamlet said.

* * * * *

But how would this appear if reproduced in Berlin? Would the Great General Staff shake in its shoes? I wonder. But of one thing I am certain, and that is, if any competent military writer could bring himself to pen this sort of stuff and lecture in the same strain, as if he believed it in the existing circumstances, the booty he would secure from the B.P. to-day would warrant his forwarding a very big cheque to the Chancellor of the Exchequer as "conscience money."

* * * * *

Mr. Garvin's wonderful vitality has enabled him to pen half a dozen columns about the war for the *Observer* week after week for more than a year, and he has really at last begun to grasp the essentials of the subject, though even the limpidity and vigour of his style does not quite conceal his lack of the military touch.

* * * * *

He says we need at least four million men, and that in France we are going to hold 100 miles of frontage with a million and a quarter of them. Now the question of frontage depends on whether attack or defence is in view. You may hold 100 miles with twenty-five divisions in defence, but double the number would hardly suffice for a general attack on this front. A million men would, however, furnish fifty divisions, of whom perhaps one half would be infantry privates—the men who in the main do the work and take all the hard knocks. It follows that another million infantry would enable the fifty divisions to be replaced twice over for fighting purposes. What, then, is to be done with the remainder of Mr. Garvin's imaginary host?

* * * * *

Our incurable extravagance is evident even in our method of organising an army; every unit and every formation harbours a large number of useless mouths, and the whole of the troops are not worked to the utmost of their capacity. If anyone doubts this let him prepare a statement from Sir John French's dispatches of what has been accomplished in thirteen months with land forces, machinery, and apparatus costing two millions a day. If it is true that our army in Flanders is but an appanage of the French Army, and must receive its impulse indirectly from General Joffre, we ought to take a leaf out of the French book and cut down our expenses,

* * * * *

Major Swinton has gone back to his old post at the War Office as assistant to the Committee of Imperial Defence with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, and we shall get no more of the illuminating articles by "Eye-Witness," though somebody else may play the part of the ass in the lion's skin. Colonel Swinton's proper pen-name is "Ole Luk Oie," and much speculation will be saved if I mention that it stands for Olaf Shut-Eye, the old man in Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales who used to dispense stories and dreams to the good children. Hans Andersen used to say that Olaf was the best story-teller in the world, and that is true on the military plane of Colonel Swinton. If people would read and ponder "The Green Curve," in which knowledge and style, imagination and humour, are so happily united, they would absorb something of the spirit of modern war.

"Spoofing" the Germans in Montevideo

THE ACTUAL DESIGN
(which looked proper enough)—

—WHEN HELD UP TO A MIRROR IT REVEALED A NUMBER OF EXPLETIVES IN FRENCH (see text)

THE SWANKERS SWANKED

AT a concert recently given by German residents in Montevideo, South America, in aid of the German Red Cross, the programme of the entertainment was suitably embellished with shields and other devices of a patriotic nature. One of these (reproduced on this page) consisted of a shield with the German eagle upon it, surmounted by the motto "Deutschland über alles," and surrounded by an innocent-looking floral device. But on holding the picture up to the mirror, it was found that it contained a number of sentences (written backwards) which were quite the reverse of complimentary to the concert-givers, such as "Germany over all for vice, robbery, massacre, and all other crimes"; "By herself asphyxiated"; "Weighed in the balance and found wanting," etc. The discovery was made and announced in a Montevidean paper the day after the concert, much to the indignation of the German community, and it subsequently transpired that the ornamenting of the programme had been entrusted to a young Belgian artist, who had adopted this ingenious method of "pulling the legs" of his enemies

HOW A BELGIAN ARTIST PAID OFF A FEW OLD SCORES BY MEANS OF AN APPARENTLY PRO-GERMAN DESIGN

A Clean Sweep—We Hope

MISS COLUMBIA: "It's made a lot of dust, but I guess the air will be all the sweeter for it."

Wig-full

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Y'a d'Jolies Femmes!" at the Garrick

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE French Revue does not change its spots when it changes its abiding-place. The new Revue at the Garrick Theatre is characteristically French in so far at least as it deals with the topics of the hour. English Revues are too polite to refer to the fact that we are at war with the mad Kaiser; but the French Revue cannot forget that one dominating feature of our daily lives. The opening scene of this Revue shows us a dinner-table set for four persons—two of them being the Kaiser and the Kronprinz. It is an amusing skit on the arrangements for that famous dinner in Paris which never came off. Later on, we see the Kaiser again. This time he is in partnership with the unhappy Emperor of Austria. The two appear as mountebanks running a little sideshow in a desperate effort to raise the wind. The fun is quite rich, and it is distinctly personal besides. For a moment, perhaps, one may feel, a little mean for joining in ridicule of a personage who cannot very well hit back; but the circumstances are so exceptional, especially for the French, who far more than ourselves have had to grin and bear their trouble. And since they have to bear it, we may at least allow them the grin.

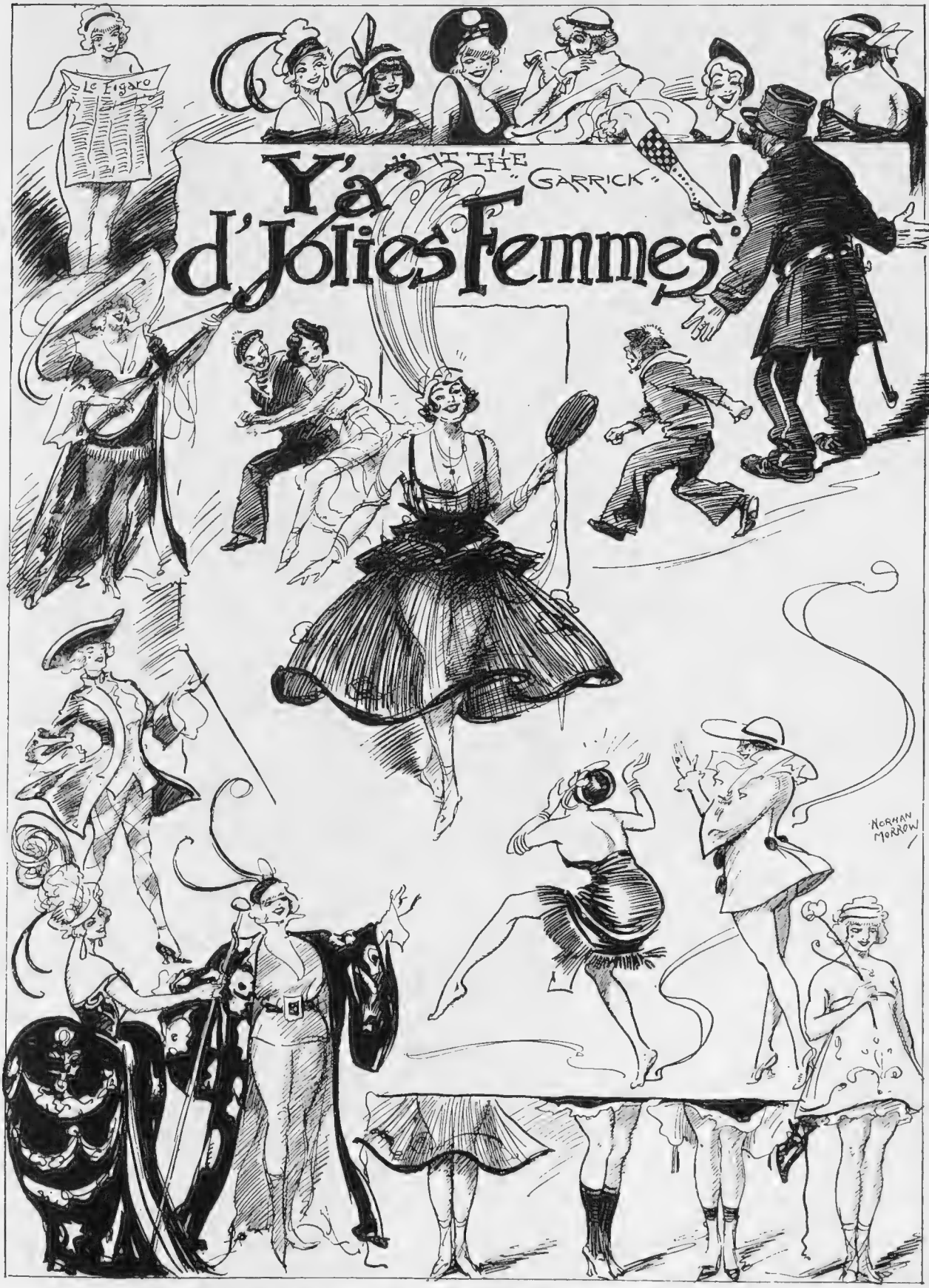
Then there are some extremely plain-spoken jests relating to the German *Kriegs-Kartoffel Brot*—the famous K.K. bread. The authors have not lost sight of the fact that the pronunciation of these significant initials in French is quite disastrously suggestive; indeed, lest the punning reference should be lost on the audience, they do not hesitate to introduce the very abrupt synonym alleged to have been made historical by the late Marshal Cambronne at Waterloo. Nearly every scene in the Revue contains a direct reference to the war; and if there is any truth in the French motto which tells us that nothing kills so quickly as ridicule, the present Revue at the Garrick may be honestly said to be "doing its bit." A new idea is embodied in the scene entitled "The Periscope." We are all familiar with the performer on the stage who addresses chaffing remarks to a stranger in the audience, but the performer in this instance—a lively young lady—goes farther than that. She holds in her hand a mirror which, in the darkened auditorium, reflects the rays of the limelight on her victim, and the fun is correspondingly magnified. It must be frightfully embarrassing to a retiring man in a worldly theatre to find himself suddenly picked out by an inquisitive searchlight, and questioned artfully as to the identity of his lady friend. What?

A BOXING LESSON UNDER DIFFICULTIES
The private soldier must not strike his corporal

Apart from its playful and pointed humour, the Garrick Revue offers many scenes of quite rare beauty. The "Legend of the Moonstone," which is set forth by players attired in the fashions of mediæval Venice, is unusually pleasing to the eye, the rich colourings of the costumes bearing tribute to the possession by the producer of a very happy sense of the truly artistic. Another dainty scene which should be of unusual interest to the ladies is the display of Paris fashions at San Francisco. The idea is that as Americans cannot go to Paris this year to choose their frocks, dolls dressed in the very latest fashions are being sent across the Atlantic. Living representatives of these dolls parade the stage for our delight, and I was impressed by the fact that many of them are, as it were, exceedingly well put together. We are reminded that while Paris in 1915 is still an exporter of fashions to the parts of the world that matter, there is no demand for new creations at home. Even the man about town, who complains that the war has interfered with his customary amusements, is brought at last to see the light, to wit, that his place is with the others in the trenches "out there." This Revue, therefore, adds to its other good qualities that of the recruiting agent. And all for the same price of admission.

The poor relations of the Allies, the Belgians, have not been forgotten in this production. M. Libeau, who won our hearts during the season of Belgian plays at the Criterion Theatre, is quite well suited with the part of a Belgian soldier. He is a corporal, and he conducts a stirring scene with a private soldier whom he is instructing in the science of boxing. The two put on gloves for a little match; but as the private may not strike his superior officer, it is naturally a rather one-sided fight. Messieurs Libeau and Marichal get some quite uproarious fun out of this happy piece of nonsense. JINGLE

A French Medley of Mirth and Beauty



This is a Revue of fair women and (we doubt it not) brave men. The production being mainly for British audiences, the French authors have been a little sparing with their rather complicated national wit, and have devoted their energies to scenes chiefly remarkable for their beauty and charm

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Letters

BY PARRY TRUSCOTT

ELIZABETH CORDING looked at herself in the glass critically. No, she wasn't prejudiced in her own favour—she was sure of it. She was pretty, it would be idle to deny it, and looking her best; her new clothes all suited her. The smart little hat, the quaint short coat and full skirt of the latest fashion were Elizabeth's fashion; she had hailed them delightedly, knowing that in them she would come into her own.

For Elizabeth was small and daintily rounded, with childish, indefinite features, appealing eyes, and the lightest, most charming colouring, of the type that calls aloud for frills and laces and simple, but expensive, furnishings. She looked at her buckled shoes, her new shoes, fitting so trimly her slender little feet, and began to wonder. Was she doing quite the kindest thing, after all, in putting on her prettiest clothes?

The man she was going to see was not in a position to expect such clothes on his womenfolk, and just for the occasion she had come within the sphere of his womenfolk—hadn't she? So ought she not to dress as plainly as she could—as dowdily, even—in case. . . . ?

She undid a button slowly, and then she did it up quickly again. Oh, well! The poor dear, doomed all his life to the company of women that poverty kept dowdy, more or less. . . .! For once he should have a treat.

She took an armful of June roses with her—herself a rose.

. . . . . .

While she travelled to him, he just waited. He had been wounded, and he had been very ill, but he was almost healed of his hurt now, almost well enough to return to that life of wonder and excitement, of untold hardships and illusive glory, that we talk of as going to the front.

And going a second time—well, that took some doing. Here was a case, if ever there was one, where ignorance was best. He deserved, he felt, that he should see his little lady first. He pictured her as little and dainty and extraordinarily sweet. He pictured her, in fact, as a rose. "R. Ingosoll" she had signed all her letters.

Yet although he looked forward tremendously to seeing her, though he had asked her to come, planning for himself thereby a very special treat, there were circumstances connected with their scant actual knowledge of each other which made him extremely nervous when he thought of what might come of it, of how exactly she might take it.

Private John Batstable—that was his name. All the winter she had been writing to him, right up till now. Every three weeks a letter and a parcel stuffed with gifts. Such imagination she had, his little lady, prompting her to assorted benefactions of every shape and kind. Socks that were too small, and which, therefore, he could not wear; uncomfortable scarves he painstakingly forgot to put on; towels, soap, boracic powder—a varied list of sundries which he gave away or lost. Nothing expensive—that wouldn't have been suitable—but every single thing showing plainly the thought and the care she expended on her Lonely Tommy's behalf. And in every single parcel a little packet of cigarettes of a brand—oh, of a brand . . . !

More than anything he was touched by those little packets of cigarettes, and he always made a point of seeing that somebody smoked them. She couldn't know, of course, how far his taste in cigarettes outran his Lonely Tommy-hood.

But he kept her letters, every one of them, and a little gun-metal cigarette case she had sent him at Christmas—he kept that.

Almost, waiting for her to come, he wished he had not done it. Suppose she took it badly? Then he would get no more letters signed "R. Ingosoll," and another Tommy, not of his choosing, would smoke her really pathetic cigarettes. Rose, Rosamond, Rosemary—whatever might be her name—was no smoker, or she would have known her way about better in a tobacconist's shop. Smoking would have seemed incongruous in the rose he pictured her.

But how did she picture *him*? That, after all, was the really vital question troubling him. His letters had been so badly written! What could they have conveyed to her of the man he was?

Nothing! He knew it. Waiting for her, the time of her coming drawing nearer and nearer, he was inclined to curse those badly written letters very heartily. Or was it his invitation of to-day that was most in fault, or—or the whole scheme of things?

A young woman in a nurse's dress looked into the room. What time would he like tea, and was he comfortable?

Comfortable! He was trembling with nervousness—and said so.

Well, well! How spoilt were the British soldiers—would nothing ever satisfy them again? She shook her head at him, smiling. She crossed to the window, adjusted the blind. "Here she comes! Here she comes! She carries roses, but she's more than a rose—she's. . . ."

Looking over the nurse's shoulder he decided: "She's a dear!"

"And now for your quarter of an hour!" said the Nurse, and went out smiling.

Presently she returned with Elizabeth.

"Yes, he is nearly well, he has made a wonderful recovery," she was saying. "Yes, this is Private John Batstable, Miss Ingosoll, a very good soldier, I understand, but a shocking . . ."

She shut the door on the last word, still smiling.

"Correspondent" was the missing word she whispered to herself. The Nurse was in the confidence of Private John Batstable, and she considered that quite an honour.

. . . . . .

"And now you are going to be very angry with me?" said Private John Batstable.

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(Continued on page 422)

Encore de Jolies Femmes

Photograph MISS JOAN HAY [*C. Harris*
Who has recently returned to London in order to take part in the revue, "Mustard and Cress"

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

MISS MARY CLARE

Who is playing "Mildred" in Mr. Robert Courtneidge's new musical comedy, "Light Blues," produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, last week. She made her name in the title rôle of the Vaudeville play, "Helen"

Photograph *Hugh Cecil*

MISS IVY TRESMAN

One of the "super-beauty" chorus in Mr. Arthur Chudleigh's successful revue "Shell-Out" at the Comedy Theatre

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY
(Concluded from page 420)

Elizabeth looked at him with inscrutable blue eyes and asked why.

"Oh, well—but you see I've—I mayn't be what you thought. Oh, hang it! If you don't see why I'm sure I don't."

"I haven't a notion," said Elizabeth, blandly.

Yet at her first surprise—wasn't it surprise?—she had dropped her roses symbolically at his feet.

He picked up the roses, and while he did so he decided to try a new line. It took the form of gratitude for all the gifts she had showered upon him, of praise of her ingenuity, of admiration of her taste, and then back again to the happily grateful note. "You don't know what it's been to me, you don't know how it has made what was beginning to seem impossible, possible again. . . ."

"Beginning to seem impossible?"

"Oh, you can guess. The life out there—it's a pill that does need gilding."

"They weren't exactly gilding—my poor little gifts." She was thinking, regretfully, of what she might have sent; she was thinking—though she would have died rather than own to it—of the quality of those cigarettes. "Of course," she excused herself to herself, "if he'd been what I expected he'd have liked them best like that."

She felt a momentary anger—what was he offering her instead of the realisation of her expectations . . . to make up for them?

"I hope," she said, her eyes on her pretty shoes, "you liked my cigarettes?"

"I enjoyed having them . . . almost the best of anything," he declared. "They come next best to this." He drew the gun-metal cigarette-case out of his pocket to show her; he opened it and shut it up again, but she caught a glimpse of its contents. As many of her letters as would go into it, that was what it held.

"It didn't by any chance save your life by being bullet-proof, I suppose?" she asked with a laugh.

"No, it only saved me from the miserables," said he, "which are worse than death."

How long they would have parried and evaded, who knows? Tea saved them from themselves. Over the cakes he had bought and the tea the little nurse had provided he talked, and she listened to his version of a private's life, expurgated for the dainty ears of the lady of his dreams.

But try as he would, the undertone was sombre; the pity and the sadness of it all crept in. Against his will she drew it out from him, and at the last, just as she was buttoning on her gloves, the worst thing of all to him escaped his lips. "And now I am going to mind as I have never minded before. Not the life—that isn't all bad—but it has been made so—so worth while by your letters. And now—well, now. . . ."

"You liked the letters best?" she asked.

"I couldn't help it," he apologised.

"You really, really liked them?"

"May I—may I tell you a little of how I liked them?"

"Yes, you may. . . ."

"Well, I liked them more than anything on earth or. . . ."

"That will do for—for. . . ."

"For—for to-day?"

"For to-day," she conceded.

"When I come back next time—why then may I tell you—more of how I liked them?"

She was going to say—she hardly knew what she was going to say, at any rate, not all of it. But a new thought flashed into her mind, taking precedence.

"And yet you couldn't, liking my letters as you say you did, send a single answer to them?"

So it had come at last—his quarter of an hour! Yet still he braved it out as best he could.

"I answered every one," he said.

"*You* didn't," said Elizabeth. "My answers were from Tommy Atkins."

"I am Tommy, your Lonely Tommy—Private John Batstable, to particularise."

She took a pencil and a note-book from a delicious little bag. She held them out to him. "Will you write me a little note, just about anything, now?" she asked.

He looked at her, a look she turned away from. But she still held out the pencil and the book—an absurd gold pencil, an absurd pink leather-covered book. He took them from her at last. When he handed them back to her this was what he had written.

"I find I am not really a bit ashamed of anything I have done," he wrote. "I wanted your letters, and I would have done much more and much worse to get them."

She read what he had written very slowly. "You don't write as plainly . . . as you pretended to," she began.

"But you can read my writing?"

"I can manage to make it out."

'So I may write to you—of anything I like?"

'There's the Censor," she reminded him.

"Oh, the Censor!" he said—"just a man, and probably still in love himself."

She did not answer, so he persisted. He felt himself braced now to any amount of persistence.

"You'll hear from me, you'll certainly hear from me, and"—his voice changed—"and I shall be a Lonely Tommy still. Will my lady answer me?"

She hesitated, she smiled—a little smile all to herself. She looked at him and looked away. He was good to look at, this Private John Batstable, who was well born enough and well off enough to be anything—and chose to fight, shoulder to shoulder, with less well-endowed men. "There's a word one can drop, you know," he said very modestly, "little things one can do. It doesn't do the rank and file any harm, one hopes, in a war like this, to have some of us in among them. And you know they are splendid chaps, the best of pals."

Remembering his words, she smiled again. At last she said: "Yes, you may write—and I will answer you. And I will go on sending my little bits and pieces, too."

He looked a trifle blank at that, and she hastened to add: "Is the man who wrote your letters for you to have nothing out of it, then? The parcels will be for him."

PARRY TRUSCOTT

Our Cranks In War-Time

HOW PATRIOTISM CAUSES THEM TO PLAY HAVOC WITH THEIR OWN FADS

A Masculine Foot-Note
TO A FEMININE FASHION

SOMEWHERE in that pre-historic period which came to an end on the 4th of August, 1914, an article appeared in these columns pointing out the short-comings of the female leg and warning its possessors against the disadvantages of exposing its outlines too freely. That convincing effusion has done its kindly work, and the female leg has disappeared almost entirely from the public gaze. *But* . . . . We are now confronted with an overwhelming exhibition of the female foot. I am not going to pretend that the female foot is as bad an advertisement as the female leg, because that would not be true; besides, the complete concealment of the female foot is not possible if the sex are to walk at all; but, at the same time, I see grave drawbacks to the present fashion of emphasising it, putting it in large capitals, so to speak, by the mesmeric means of the white spat. I wish to be perfectly candid without hurting anyone's feelings, a double event which no one can expect to bring off—but which I mean to try my luck on.

The situation at present is this: In the course of pursuing your lawful occasions in the public streets, you become painfully aware of a gigantic pair of black and white feet advancing in your direction. They fascinate you, and you glare at them, wondering whom or what they belong to. Next you become dimly conscious of a wide skirt surmounting these feet, and you hazard the conclusion that there are legs underneath the skirt which supply the motive power to the amazing feet. A body, arms, and a head materialise shortly afterwards, and you suddenly realise that you have merely been watching the approach of a fashionably dressed woman.

Now that, I submit, is quite wrong. No woman who values her personal appearance should rush into the public eye feet-foremost, as you might say. The first thing to catch the eye should be the head, next the body, the legs should be wrapped in mystery of any suitable material, and the feet should be the merest hint.

I speak from a man's point of view, and am fully aware of the old popular fallacy that women do not dress to please men, but in order to annoy other women, but I attach no importance to it. It is such an obvious compromise with the truth, which is, that women dress with the primary object of attracting men in the confident assurance that both the cause and the effect will make other women squirm.

I have nothing to say against the female foot in itself. It is a pleasing enough object, if left alone, and quite indispensable, but—at any rate in this country of athletic women—a subdued taste in foot-gear is imperative in the vast majority of cases if the best results are to be obtained. No real live woman would relish being greeted with the remark: "I saw your feet coming down Bond Street yesterday, but you were *much* too far off to see me." And yet such remarks will become quite common unless women beware in time. I am not going to quote Suckling's poem or do anything unpleasant of that sort, because I am fully alive to the fact that the feet of the average female Briton do not in the least resemble mice, nor do I quarrel with them on that account. I will content myself with remarking that in the same way as "Good wine needs no bush" so a healthy, well-nourished, able-bodied female foot needs no spat. "VIM"

"Bystander" War Forecast Competition.

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The latest date for sending in will be September 30, but the Editor reserves the right to extend it to a later date if circumstances make this advisable.

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Books of the Week

MAINLY ABOUT RUSSIA

Another Russian Writer

TO the numbers of present-day Russian novelists who have been translated into English must now be added the name of Feodor Sologub. Two collections, which slightly overlap, of his stories have appeared almost simultaneously, and this is hardly to be wondered at, considering the present state of the copyright laws. Any British publisher, I fancy, can issue any translation from the Russian he likes. Sologub, like Tchekof, is at his best with the short story, but he is more than the ordinary Russian short story-teller. He is fabulist, satirist, and dreamer, not nearly so gloomy as the majority of his contemporaries, and more than a bit of a humorist now and then. He can weave a gossamer-like tale of a fairy-princess brought into the midst of a modern Conventional Russia, and he can tell, quite simply and pathetically, the simple and pathetic love-story of a German professor's wife. He can make you believe in all sorts of strange beings, he can bring fairyland up to date.

A Sort of Prospero

In both the volumes of his work already published—*The Old House* (Secker: 6*s.*) and *The Sweet-Scented Name* (Constable: 6*s.*)—Sologub shows clearly enough that he is not afraid to venture into the strangest lands. From his beautiful prose you gather that in Russia fairies and goblins and Wicked Beasts of the kind which flourished in the old Greek cities are still to be found—and as described by Sologub they are well worth the finding. Most of his stories have that element of unexpectedness which sustains your curiosity. You never quite know what is about to happen. Mr. Stephen Graham, who writes a preface to *The Sweet-Scented Name*, speaks of Sologub's modernity. "He scents new thoughts," he writes, "and endeavours to find a new medium of style and language to present them to his age. . . . The reader is infallibly beguiled out of the everyday atmosphere into the mirage or phantasy or trance which the author, who is a sort of Prospero, wishes." And this is no more than the truth. Much of Sologub may be lost in translation, but in his English dress there is very much to appreciate and enjoy. Other volumes of his work should assuredly follow.

An Eye-Witness in Russia

While on the subject of Russia, I may recommend a little volume of personal recollections of that country after the outbreak of war. In *Soldiers of the Tsar* (Iris Publishing Company: 2*s.* 6*d.* net) Mr. Julius West gives you a series of vignettes of more than usual interest. It is difficult for the Englishman to get rid of his preconceived ideas about Russia, but Mr. West is writing of what he has actually seen. What Petrograd is like to-day, what Warsaw was like before the German occupation, how Moscow looks on the war—are all the subjects of various chapters. There is also a final chapter which deals with the rapidly increasing translations from the Russian. This, while by no means complete, gives a good idea of what has already been done. There is no doubt about it: we are to discover Russia anew, and our Allies in the East are about to set their literary mark on this country for all time.

"The Great Unrest"

In the old days there was a clearly marked convention in the matter of names for heroes and villains. George, Basil, and Raymond had to be heroes. Jasper suggested villainy of the worst kind. "Dam," however, is new, and might apply to any sort of character. Miss Mills Young gives this name to the hero of her new novel, *The Great Unrest* (Lane: 6*s.*), one of the many stories into which the present war intrudes in the last pages. Dam quarrels with his father, Sir Arthur Manners, and goes to South Africa, where he gets mixed up in those very serious strikes which culminated a year or two ago in that dramatic expulsion to England. There was unrest enough there in all conscience, but the greater call came, and Dam returned to England to don khaki. The end of his career is pathetic, and brings a lump to the throat, which is, doubtless, what Miss Mills Young desired to produce.

R. S.

Photograph *Moon, Brighton*

MISS MOLLIE RAMSDEN

The young and beautiful Yorkshire amateur, who made her first appearance, with great success, before a London audience at Sir Herbert Tree's Belgian Refugee Matinée on July 9, and has since been singing regularly to the wounded soldiers in various hospitals. Miss Ramsden, who is only seventeen years old, is the daughter of Mr. Archibald Ramsden, of Leeds and London

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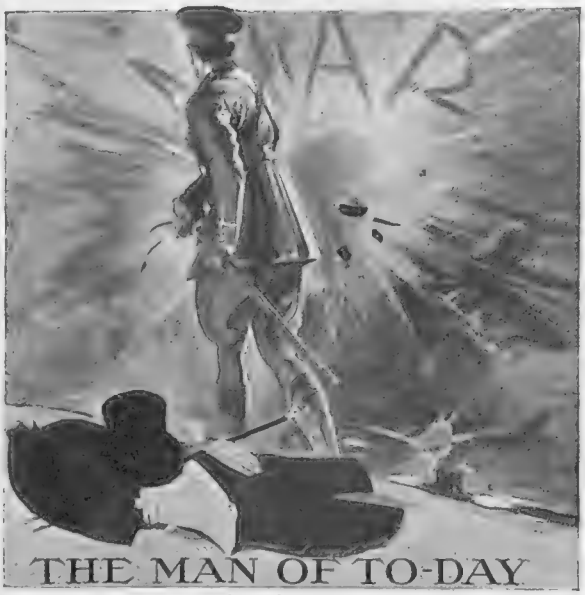

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Femina on Holiday

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AFTER a particularly painful investigation of their pass-books Suzanne and Phyllida decided to go for a fortnight to the sea. They had been war-working for a year. One had replaced the garden boy, who was thereby enabled to transfer his spade work from celery beds to trenches; the other had been acting kitchen-maid to the village convalescent home.

* * *

It would be insufferably dull, of course, for Frampton-by-the-Sea (their choice) was one of those small unfinished-looking seaside towns that need a large party of congenial spirits to prevent one from getting critical about the architecture and the food. No one, they were told, was going away this year. The Press, all-powerful, had preached economy; the Public, all-obedient, had taken the lesson to heart. Still, the desolation they expected would have its compensations. They could play golf without being obliged to give way incessantly to portly knicker-bockered gentlemen with long handicaps and bad tempers. They would not be hustled through their bathing because the supply of bathing-machines was unequal to the demand. The hotel would be empty, and instead of the Frampton population being too distraught and overworked to make them feel that their demands for food and lodging and attendance were anything but iniquitous they—Suzanne and Phyllida—would be, for once, rare and pampered guests.

Besides, they would break their journey with a night in town for the purpose of being manicured; washing-up and weeding has a disastrous effect on one's hands.

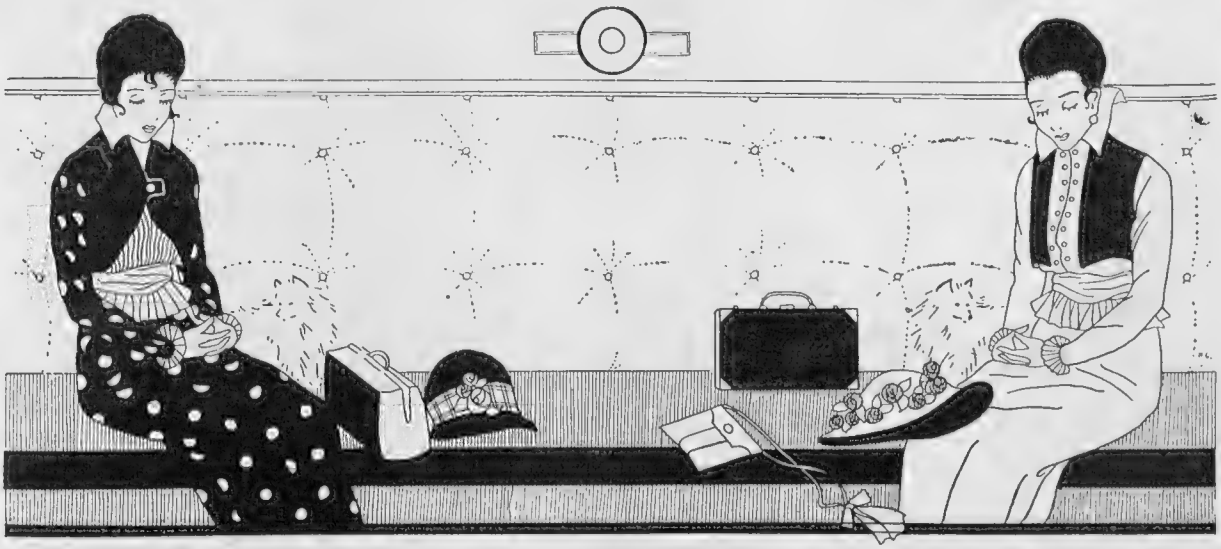
So picture these gentle heroines, weary and bored to tears, travelling South for a fortnight's all too feminine sojourn by the restless deserted sea.

Therefore it slightly shocked, the while it thrilled, them to find the Frampton "local" crawling through country systematically intersected with entrenchments and entanglements of various sorts and kinds; while just outside the town a huge white canvas city met their gaze, stretching over the downs like a snowy quilt. The one and only porter at the station, who looked as though he had not been to bed for months, was heavily engaged in conversation with a monster khaki figure well bespattered with scarlet patches. There was nothing for Phyllida and Suzanne to do but to deal with their luggage themselves. It augured badly for the pampering they expected as long-sought-for visitors. . . .

* * *

But far worse was to come. They learnt in a very few minutes that the place was packed. To walk into the proverbial "Grand" and casually engage two rooms was just about as hopeless as to expect illuminations on the pier at night. The beach was kaleidoscopic with the usual peace-time swarm of children. Mothers sat about in bunches with that pleasantly tolerant relaxed manner common to parents by the sea. Up and down the esplanade swaggered hundreds of young officers very new at the game, rather pleased with themselves, trim and quietly dignified. Tommies innumerable made the landscape a monochrome in buff. There was a sprinkling of

(Continued on page 430)



"So picture these gentle heroines, weary and bored to tears, travelling South for a sojourn by the sea"

FEMINA ON HOLIDAY (*concluded from page 429*)

very young, very gaily dressed, important-looking war brides, and half the mothers and fathers in England seemed to have motored down for the week-end to catch a glimpse of soldier sons busy training at the big camp. But you might have found a needle in a haystack far more easily than have spied out an indolent white flannelled "nut."

* * *

The Frampton population had completely lost its head. Expecting bankruptcy, they were surcharged with an excessive popularity. Shopkeepers had not even time to bemoan their shorthandedness. They just perspired and toiled on. Every apartment house was let unto the attics, and it was not until nearly dark that Suzanne and Phyllida secured one room vacated unexpectedly in a drab excited little inn on the hive-like "front." Fresh from the comparative imperturbability of their inland home they were made acutely conscious of the meaning of that journalistic *cliché*—"England, an armed camp."

* * *

That vague, illusive word *attendance* was wiped out of the category of every proprietor in the place. There was no such thing to be had. The serving of meals was utterly disorganised; only the very patient and the greedy waited for the course marked "sweets." At dinner a shy but agile barman was produced from downstairs. With an aged waiter and a tearful little chambermaid this brought the dining-room staff up to three. . . .

"There was nothing for Phyllida and Suzanne to do but deal with their baggage themselves"

* * *

Suzanne had one terrible moment's fear that she must volunteer once more as kitchen-maid, but Phyllida assured her that even kitchen-maids were entitled to one fortnight's gentility a year. And Suzanne, gravely contemplating her shining little nails, thankfully acquiesced.

* * *

But the most obvious war-time transformation was the sight of Frampton after sunset. It sank into complete, impervious darkness. It was as though a no more utterly shameful thing could be conceived than a naked light. Front doors opened into halls empty of all lamps, and you stumbled up to bed with one hand on the banisters and a fervent prayer that you would not enter someone else's room by mistake.

* * *

The first night Suzanne collided with a very young lieutenant on the stairs. With the help of his wax matches they mounted three flights, by which time they were on the friendliest terms, and he told her he would look after her in the event of a Zeppelin raid.

* * *

Few nights went by without light sleepers being disturbed by the low distant purr of aircraft passing over the obliterated town; and Phyllida kept an attaché case packed for fear of instant flight to the ground floor in a dishevelled condition.

* * *

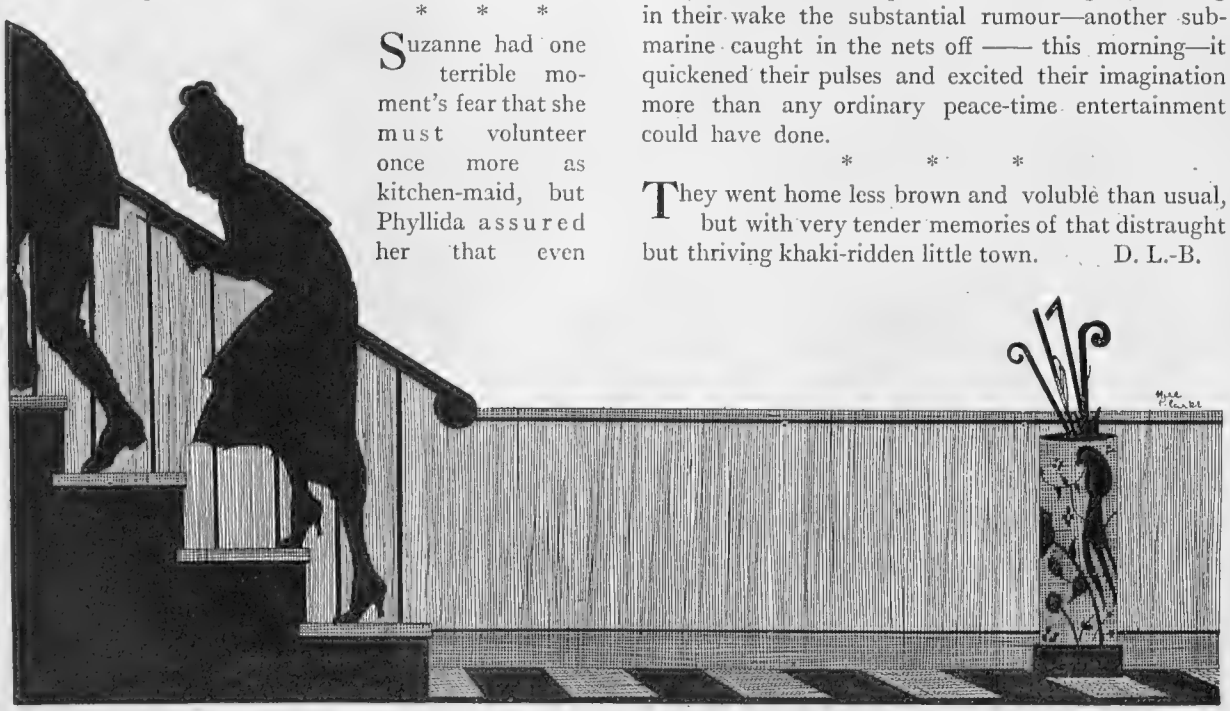
It was all quite thrilling, they admitted, and just sufficiently strange and portentous to touch one's sense of the dramatic and feel one was on the fringe of great events.

* * *

And when the little black destroyers came into the bay, signalled to the shore mysteriously and hurriedly, and then sped out to sea again, leaving in their wake the substantial rumour—another submarine caught in the nets off —— this morning—it quickened their pulses and excited their imagination more than any ordinary peace-time entertainment could have done.

* * *

They went home less brown and voluble than usual, but with very tender memories of that distraught but thriving khaki-ridden little town. D. L.-B.



"And you stumbled up to bed with a fervent prayer that you would not enter someone else's room by mistake"

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Designed and made by our own workers from materials that we can recommend with the utmost confidence, BLOUSE, as sketch, adapted from an exclusive Paris Model, in rich quality Crêpe de Chine. Set in with large pleats, and new collar and fronts of fine faced cloth in contrasting shades, self buttons

PRICE **29/6**

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Many ladies who under ordinary circumstances would have purchased new Furs will this Season probably determine to have their old furs renovated and remodelled. As the new Winter Models are ready, customers can rely on their furs being remodelled in the newest shapes and at particularly moderate prices.

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London, W.

A PERFECT "PICK-ME-UP." WARDS OFF GOUT AND RHEUMATISM

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

Sparkling Refreshing

Bulmer's CHAMPAGNE **Cider.**

Delicious to the last drop

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A very comfortable and useful three-quarter length Coat of Natural Musquash, cut in the latest style from good selected skins, and lined throughout with rich coloured Satin. A most useful garment suitable for Motoring or Travelling.
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Pure, full-cream milk enriched with all the nutritive extracts of selected malted barley and wheat in powder form. Every particle is wholesome nourishment, it keeps indefinitely, and there is absolutely *no* waste. The addition of hot or cold water instantly forms a delicious food beverage so highly nutritious and so easily digested that it advantageously replaces heavier items of diet which require more digestive effort, yet at the same time it supplies fuller nutritive value. It is therefore economical in all respects and suits all ages.

Ready in a moment by stirring briskly in hot or cold water only. No cooking required.

Also available as delicious food tablets to be dissolved in the mouth. They relieve thirst and supply sufficient nourishment to maintain strength and prevent fatigue.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICES.

In Sterilised Glass Bottles, and keeps indefinitely.
1/6, 2/6 and 11/-
The Tablets also in convenient Pocket Flasks at 6d. and 1/- each.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

Liberal Sample of either powder or tablets sent post free for 3d. in stamps.

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THE BEST YET PRODUCED FOR ACTIVE SERVICE

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The Case has two pockets. Each takes 15 cigarettes—**30 in all.** Each is strengthened by a light metal spring. The pockets fold one over the other and are secured by a covering flap.

Regd. Design No. 649,795.

The "Cross" Service Case is made from best Pigskin lined with Calfskin. Filled, the size is 5¾in. wide x 3¼in. deep x the thickness of two rows of cigarettes. When one pocket is empty the case is thinner by the diameter of a cigarette. Every Service man should have this case—it is exactly what is wanted. Give one to your soldier friend—he'll appreciate it.

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No. 616.—Vol. XLVII. Wednesday, September 22, 1915 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Actually adjoining and overlooking
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1¼ MILES FROM STATION. CLOSE TO GOLF COURSE.
"OBER HOUSE," BROCKENHURST.

A **PICTURESQUE MODERN FREEHOLD RESIDENCE** occupying a picked and very beautiful site. Double carriage drive with lodge. Nine bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 staircases, 3 reception rooms, and ample offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. COMPANY'S WATER.
Stabling for 6. Garage and Cottage.
DELIGHTFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS.
Orchard and paddock, in all about 7 ACRES.

To be SOLD by AUCTION at The Mart, London, E.C., on OCTOBER 12th next (unless previously disposed of).

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GOLF, TENNIS, AND CROQUET.
SURREY, WINDLESHAM
(Close to the famous Sunningdale Golf Links, and within five minutes' walk of well-known Tennis and Croquet Clubs).

TO BE SOLD OR LET, UNFURNISHED, a most attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing in 6 acres of grounds, etc., in an open and healthy situation, commanding good views. Sitting room hall, 4 reception, bath, and 10 bed and dressing rooms. Good stabling, coach or motor house. Well-shaded grounds, gardens and paddock, in all about 6 acres.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

RENT £185 PER ANNUM. PRICE £3,500.

Apply, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

IN A LOVELY SITUATION OVERLOOKING FALMOUTH HARBOUR.

TO LET, Furnished, from end of September, for two to six months,
A BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED MARINE RESIDENCE,
standing in grounds, etc., of 25 ACRES.

Seventeen bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, excellent offices.

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Stabling for 7. Garage. Lodge. Beautiful gardens.
Near private bathing beach.

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35 MINUTES FROM TOWN.
KENT
(1¼ Miles from Main Line Junction).
TO BE LET OR SOLD,
THIS COMMODIOUS RESIDENCE,
occupying fine high situation with beautiful views.
4 reception rooms. | 11 bedrooms.
Excellent offices. | 2 dressing rooms.
Gas and water laid on.
WELL-MATURED GARDENS AND GROUNDS OF NEARLY 3 ACRES.
Cottage, stabling, and garage.
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HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

BY ORDER OF EXECUTORS.
High position in delightful grounds. Lovely views of the Solent.
ISLE OF WIGHT, NEAR RYDE.

FOR SALE, this substantially-built stone RESIDENCE, of pleasing elevation, occupying a well-chosen situation, surrounded by
CHARMINGLY DISPLAYED GROUNDS OF ABOUT 8 ACRES.

Carriage drive with lodge. Five reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 baths, servants' hall, tower room, etc. First-rate stabling and garage. Full-sized tennis lawn, croquet ground, kitchen garden, conservatory, glass, and paddock. Near village and church.—Full details of A. J. and W. COOMBES, Estate Agents, Ryde; or HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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15 MILES NORTH OF LONDON.
FOR SALE.

THIS PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE, standing on a hill on gravel soil, and containing: hall, dining room, drawing room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good domestic offices; Company's gas and water laid on; telephone installed; wired for electric light, which will shortly be available; pretty grounds of 1 acre, including lawn, flower garden and kitchen garden. Two-thirds of purchase money can remain on mortgage.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (8,225)

KENT.
Between Tunbridge Wells and East Grinstead.
TO BE SOLD.

CHARMING OLD XVth CENTURY TIMBER-BUILT HOUSE, which has been carefully restored, standing high on gravel and sand rock soil with a southern aspect.—Stone-flagged entrance-hall, dining room, drawing room, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, gallery and large studio, easily convertible into 3 bedrooms. The grounds of 4¾ acres include small flower garden, orchard, paddock, and dell.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (8,242)

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COMPACT RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL PROPERTY OF ABOUT 112 ACRES. Situated 13 miles from Salisbury, 8 miles from Amesbury. Attractive House, containing: 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling; extensive pretty gardens, farm buildings; bailiff's house and 16 cottages. Personally inspected.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (8,295)

1½ MILES FROM EAST GRINSTEAD. 1 HOUR FROM TOWN.
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MODERN HOUSE IN OLD-FASHIONED STYLE, standing in well-matured grounds and approached by a carriage-drive.—Oak-panelled lounge hall, drawing room or billiard room (30ft. by 18ft. by 17ft.), with minstrel gallery, dining room, study, 6 or 7 bedrooms and bathroom; Company's water; well-laid-out grounds of 2½ acres with lawns, flower beds, grass and gravel walks, summer-house, and paddock. There are some fine old timbered trees. Within easy distance of several golf links.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (8,299)

BERKS. About an hour from Town.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, OR SOLD, this picturesque RESIDENCE, part of which is some hundreds of years old, standing on gravel soil in secluded grounds and approached by a pretty carriage drive. Accommodation: entrance and inner halls, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 17 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light, hot-water heating, telephone; stabling for 11 horses, coach-house and garage; 2 cottages; the pleasure grounds are adorned by fine old timber trees, old yews and conifers; delightful rose garden and pergola, herbaceous border, ornamental lake, rhododendron beds, paddock and kitchen garden, in all over 13 ACRES.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (7,814)

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BERKSHIRE (in a beautiful part, 2½ miles from Midgham Station, G.W. Ry. main line, 7 miles from Newbury, and 13 miles from Reading).

360FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. SOUTH ASPECT. FINE VIEWS.

CHARMING RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF ABOUT 103 ACRES.

Picturesque Residence (originally an old farmhouse, but practically rebuilt some years ago), with all modern conveniences, electric light, etc.

11 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, BATHROOM, LOUNGE HALL, 3 RECEPTION ROOMS.

Stabling for 7, garage, lodge, 3 cottages, fine model farm-buildings; really delightful old gardens; 25 acres woodland, and the residue good grass and arable lands.

MESSRS. WILSON AND GRAY are instructed to OFFER the above by AUCTION (unless previously disposed of privately) on SEPTEMBER 30.

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Illustrated particulars of the Auctioneers, 14, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

TRACED BACK TO THE YEAR 703 A.D.
A COTSWOLD MANOR HOUSE NEAR BROADWAY.

£2,000, FREEHOLD.—Built up to the first floor in Lias stone, with Cotswold Oolite dressings to the windows; above the structure is part timber-framed, finished in black and white, with oak mullions to the windows, fine clustered chimneys and roof of Cotswold stone. The interior includes a mass of oak panelling, old open fireplaces, etc. Accommodation: 5 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms (4 or 5 more could be constructed from two large rooms at present unused), bathroom, 3 staircases, offices, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND MAIN WATER.

Stabling, garage, man's rooms, 3 glasshouses and other useful buildings; garden, pleasure-grounds, and orchards of about 5 acres.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

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FREEHOLD £5,250 WITH 230 ACRES.

TWO HOURS FROM LONDON, in a high and beautiful part of Suffolk.—The charming old-fashioned HOUSE is replete with modern comforts, including petrol gas, hot-water radiators, etc. Accommodation: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, hall, business room, and capital offices. Pretty pleasure grounds. The land is in a high state of cultivation and about half the area is good pasture. Extensive and up-to-date farm-buildings, pair of cottages, second farmhouse, etc. Notwithstanding this Estate being far superior to the usual run of agricultural holdings, it is for Sale at its farm value only.—Inspected and highly recommended by the Joint Sole Agents, Messrs. FLICK and SON, Saxmundham, and Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W., either of whom will supply full particulars on application.

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TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, a fine old STONE-BUILT HOUSE, STANDING HIGH IN A FINELY TIMBERED PARK, with grand views; long drive with lodge: 20 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 5 fine reception rooms, complete offices; stabling, cottages.

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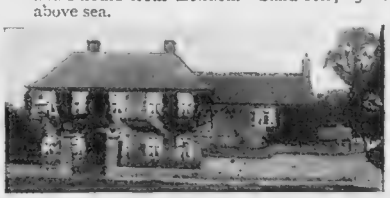
WILTS.—1½ miles from station Main G.W.Ry, and 2 hours from London. Sand soil; 250ft. above sea.



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CHARMING OLD JACOBEAN HOUSE WITH 6 ACRES OF LOVELY GROUNDS.

Large square hall, 4 reception rooms, servants' hall, 10 bedrooms, bathroom; gas; telephone; stabling for 5.—Two cottages if required.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W., and at Yeovil.

HIGH PART OF HANTS, BETWEEN NEWBURY AND ANDOVER.

Gravel soil, South aspect.

£3,150, FREEHOLD. 125 ACRES.

FOR SALE, a singularly attractive ESTATE, including

A SMALL JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE,

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WITH SOUTH ASPECT.

IN A FAVOURITE PART OF LONDON.—Charming and luxuriously fitted BIJOU DWARF RESIDENCE for disposal, with the distinct advantage of having

ALL THE RECEPTION ROOMS ON THE GROUND FLOOR,

whilst above there are only two floors of bedrooms, enabling the house to be run in a highly *economical manner* with a *small staff of servants.* The accommodation comprises: *7 bed and dressing rooms* (the principal of which measure 21ft. by 15ft., 20ft. by 15ft., 18ft. by 15ft., and 18ft. by 14ft. respectively), *2 well-fitted up-to-date bathrooms, 3 beautiful reception rooms,* entrance and pretty inner halls; exceptionally light and clean domestic offices, including kitchen, scullery, pantry; servants' hall, etc.

The House is newly decorated with great taste and in perfect order throughout. Every up-to-date contrivance for convenience and comfort has been installed.

The Lease is held direct from the Freeholder and has nearly 70 years unexpired

AT THE LOW GROUND RENT OF £40 PER ANNUM.

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COLCHESTER (charmingly placed on the outskirts of this busy social and garrison town, but completely retired amidst sylvan surroundings).—A commodious small COUNTRY HOUSE: 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms; garage and stabling for 5. The feature—

DELIGHTFULLY TIMBERED SLOPING GARDENS,

overlooking a pretty pond, with island, tennis lawns, lovers' walk, kitchen garden, etc., 4 acres; hunting, shooting, golf, yachting.

A VERY MODERATE PRICE WILL BE ACCEPTED FOR THE FREEHOLD

For SALE, by AUCTION, on SEPT. 28, 1915, by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

IN THE FAMOUS VALLEY OF FUCHSIAS.

NORTH DEVON.—Near the favourite seaside resort of Ilfracombe.—This charming old-fashioned Freehold RESIDENCE known as

"MIRAMAR LEE."

Two spacious halls, 3 reception rooms, complete offices, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; perfectly laid-out and well-timbered grounds, tennis lawn, flower and kitchen gardens, trout stream, meadow, in all about

4 ACRES.

Seven minutes from sea, close to golf course.—HARRODS (Ltd.), will SELL the ABOVE by AUCTION on NOVEMBER 2 (if not Sold previously by private treaty).

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

ESSEX AND SUFFOLK BORDERS.—Delightfully-situated QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE, panelled throughout with old oak-panelling, and having fine old oak-beamed ceilings. To be LET, Unfurnished, containing: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, entrance and inner halls, bathroom. VERY FINE OLD OAK STAIRCASE. Beautifully-timbered pleasure grounds, ornamental tennis and croquet lawns, rose and water gardens, herbaceous borders; garage for 4, stabling; 2 cottages. TOTAL AREA 25 ACRES, OR WOULD BE LET WITH 5 ACRES. ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES. Good shooting obtainable.—Strongly recommended by the owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (19,418)

BETWEEN ASCOT AND BRACKNELL.

MOST FAVOURITE PART OF BERKSHIRE.—This well-placed FAMILY RESIDENCE, standing in secluded grounds of 50 acres, and comprising some 14 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and 4 reception rooms; usual offices; stabling, garage, and home farm: parklike grounds with woodland walks; delightful pleasure garden with tennis lawn, etc. To be LET, Furnished, Unfurnished, or would be Sold.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (18,816)

HERTS.—500ft. up, commanding lovely views. Close to golf links. 1 mile from Boxmore railway station, with an excellent train service to Euston and the City.

"FELDEN MEADOW,"

an attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, with entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.

WELL-TIMBERED GARDENS AND GROUNDS OF ABOUT 3 ACRES.

Also "FELDEN RIDGE," beautifully situated in a retired position and surrounded by WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS AND LAND OF ABOUT 3½ ACRES. With tennis lawn, flower and fruit gardens, rose pergolas, pretty woodland dell and rock garden; lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.

GAS AND CO.'S WATER LAID ON.

HARRODS (Ltd.) will SELL the above attractive PROPERTIES by AUCTION on OCTOBER 12 next.

DOWER HOUSE. LOW RENTAL.

BERKS.—Well-fitted HOUSE, approached by long drive, containing: 4 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, capital offices. Stabling, with coachhouse or garage; excellent cottage garden, with tennis lawn, walled kitchen garden, 2 paddocks, the total area being about

11 ACRES.

Inspected and recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (X 19,306)

AT A MINIMUM RESERVE.

MAIDENHEAD (occupying a capital position on the highest part of this fashionable riverside town).

"HOLMWOOD," ALL SAINTS' AVENUE.

Excellent FREEHOLD PROPERTY: 6 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, 2 bathrooms, complete offices; excellent stabling for 4; pretty well-timbered grounds; full-size tennis lawn, kitchen garden.

2 ACRES.

VERY VALUABLE BUILDING FRONTAGES FOR IMMEDIATE DEVELOPMENT.

HARRODS (Ltd.), in conjunction with Mr. PERCY M. LEVER, 74, King Street, Maidenhead, will SELL the above by AUCTION on TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1915.

AN OPPORTUNITY OF SECURING A BARGAIN.

BERKS (between Reading and Newbury), in beautiful country on gravel soil, 318ft. above sea level.—To be SOLD, at a low price, a well-decorated, nicely placed FREEHOLD COUNTRY HOUSE: 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, servants' hall; stabling for 4; charming walled garden, kitchen garden, and paddock.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ASHDOWN FOREST GOLF LINKS.

EAST GRINSTEAD (about 1½ miles from station and 4 miles from the celebrated forest and golf course).—The HOUSE contains: lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, and 6 bedrooms; garage and outbuildings.

EXCEPTIONALLY CHARMING GARDEN.

Rent only £135 per annum, Unfurnished.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (X 19,530)

WORCESTERSHIRE COUNTRY.

A **MODERATE-SIZED RESIDENCE** to be LET, Furnished, at about 5 guineas a week, or Unfurnished £75: sitting hall, 4 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms; grounds, garage; 11 acres optional; lovely country spot, fishing near.—GEO. YEATES and SONS, Auctioneers, Worcester.

COUNTRY HOUSE (Herts).—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, or would be SOLD. 25 miles from London, L. & N.W.Ry.: 10 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 sitting rooms; 11 acres; entrance lodge. Stands high. Moderate Rent.—Box 417, WILLINGS, 125, Strand, W.C.

NEAR REIGATE AND WALTON HEATH GOLF COURSES.

400FT. UP. MAGNIFICENT VIEWS.

SURREY HILLS.

FOR SALE OR WOULD BE LET, an exceptionally picturesque RESIDENCE, occupying one of the finest positions within about 20 miles of Town.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. GAS AND COMPANY'S WATER. TELEPHONE. MAIN DRAINAGE.

Sitting hall, 3 reception rooms, usual offices, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc., large room suitable for billiard room.

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS OF ABOUT 1¾ ACRES,

with 3 lawns, rose walk 100ft. long, kitchen garden, etc. Studio, etc.—Box HS 6, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

HAMPSHIRE.

Between Alton and Farnham. 1 mile from Station.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, for a year or longer, a comfortable and picturesque RESIDENCE, standing in nicely timbered grounds on gravel soil 600ft. above sea-level. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, conservatory, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc. Hot water heating; acetylene gas; good stabling and heated garage. The grounds extend to about 7 acres and are extremely pretty, being intersected by a stream. There are tennis lawn, flower gardens and 2 paddocks.—Box KF 3,225, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

MERSTHAM, SURREY.

10 minutes from station, 30 minutes from Town by good train service.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, OR SOLD, a picturesque RESIDENCE, occupying a beautiful position about 500ft. above sea level, and commanding extensive and beautiful views of the surrounding country. It stands in a private road and is approached by a carriage sweep: large lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, billiard room, 8 bedrooms and bathroom; gas and Company's water; telephone; motor-house; pretty gardens of about 2 acres including tennis court. Rent, 10 guineas per week. Price, £3,500 (open to offer).—Box KF 2,950. THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

AN IDEAL COUNTRY RESIDENCE FOR A CITY MAN.

SECLUDED SITUATION, FACING A GORSE-COVERED COMMON.

City—Home:

Tube	.. ..	5 minutes
Express (L.S.W.R.)		35 ,,
Motor	.. ..	6 ,,
		46 minutes

South aspect; sandy soil; 10 acres; 9 good bedrooms, 2 bathrooms (on one floor only), oak-panelled hall, 4 other sitting rooms; stabling for 3 and large garage with rooms over.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN PRICE.—The above really delightful PROPERTY, standing in its own well-timbered grounds and charming gardens, with tennis and croquet lawns and orchard, and surrounded by lovely open country. Electric light everywhere, radiators, telephone, Company's water, excellent system of drainage; the domestic offices are well equipped, and the whole House is economical to run. No money need be spent by a purchaser on taking possession, as House is in such perfect condition. Good golf near.

Inspected and thoroughly recommended by Messrs. WHATLEY, WING and Co., 2, Arlington Street, St. James's, London, S.W. (Folio 4,393)

HERTS (in a high and healthy position, under 1 mile from station).—To be SOLD, at a very moderate figure, a well-built and attractive PROPERTY, standing in

WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS OF 21 ACRES.

Suite of reception rooms, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; stabling; motor garage; cottage and small farmery.

TENNIS AND OTHER LAWNS, PRETTY FLOWER GARDEN, WELL-STOCKED KITCHEN GARDEN, CRICKET FIELD and PAVILION, PADDOCKS, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT, GAS, COMPANY'S WATER, MAIN DRAINAGE.

—Box H 8, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

BURBERRY TRENCH-WARM

IN WET WEATHER, the perfect weatherproof
IN COLD WEATHER, a fund of hygienic warmth
IN HOT WEATHER, a light and cool safeguard

This versatility of service is achieved by a simple plan, which turns one into three coats, each of which can be worn separately :

1. **A Weatherproof for rain and storm.**
2. **A soft Short-Warm for camp life or leave.**
3. **A thick, impenetrable double-fronted Short-Warm for excessively severe weather.**

These different garments may be thus analysed—

1. Gabardine Combine, *i.e.*, Gabardine outside, wool inside—both proofed.

2. Camel Fleece Short-Warm.

3. Gabardine Combine plus Camel-Fleece Coat, the latter being used as a lining.

THE TRENCH-WARM

Supplies in fact three distinct kinds of coat. The complete equipment (No. 3) provides an exceedingly hard-wearing, health-maintaining-double-fronted overcoat

A coat that will withstand hours of steady rain.

A coat in which neither heat, cold, nor hard wear deteriorates proofness.

A coat to keep out cold wind, yet never overheat the body.

A coat in which chills, the bane of artificially-ventilated mackintoshes, are avoided.

A distinguished coat, and at the same time a veritable shield for a soldier on duty.

Burberrys are careful never to exaggerate facts. They therefore make the following statement with the assurance that it will prove correct :—

Any rain that a new mackintosh or oil-skin will keep out, THE TRENCH-WARM BURBERRY will keep out; yet THE TRENCH-WARM being self-ventilating, is always healthful and comfortable to wear.

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WARNING.—ALL GENUINE BURBERRY GARMENTS bear the Burberry label, and should be invoiced as "Burberry."

BURBERRYS HAYMARKET LONDON

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Furnishings Unequalled for Quality & Value

LUXURIOUS UPHOLSTERY.

Williamson & Cole, Ltd., have on view in their Show Rooms a large selection of Chairs and Settees of every description in interesting designs and at low quotations, ranging from 16/11 to 18 gns. Write for illustrations and particulars.

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"Sunpuf" UNFADABLE FABRICS

Resist Tropical Sun, Sea Air and Washing.

"SUNRAVIA" CLOTH, 9¾d. per yd., 31ins. wide; 1/5¾ per yd., 50ins. wide.

"SUNCOTE" CASEMENT CLOTH, 10½d. per yd., 31ins. wide; 1/6½ per yd., 50ins. wide.

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TAPESTRIES suitable for Coverings or Curtains from 1/11¾ per yd.

Every Length Guaranteed.

Made to any size or colour on Satin, Rep or Velvet. Inexpensive. Quotations on application.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

Williamson & Cole LTD
HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W.

LIBERTY's PENDENT BACK RESTS FOR INVALIDS

MADE IN THE WORLD FAMED LIBERTY-FABRICS

(REGISTERED DESIGN)

CONVERT THE MOST UNCOMFORTABLE CHAIR INTO A RESTFUL LOUNGE

FROM 5/11 EACH

CARRIAGE PAID FOR 6/5

BOOKLET WITH OTHER DESIGNS POST FREE

LIBERTY & Co. REGENT ST. LONDON

Trial Bottle. 6d.

FOR GREY HAIR SEEGEROL

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 6d., large case 2/- post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers, everywhere or direct HINDES LTD., 1b, Tabernacle Street, London, E.C.

"I'm too STOUT to enjoy myself."

ARE you one to whom the above remark applies? Is your life fast becoming a burden to you on account of your ever increasing weight? Why look twenty years older than you are? Why forego the pleasures and pastimes of youth? Why take a back seat in the World of Beauty and Fashion before your time?

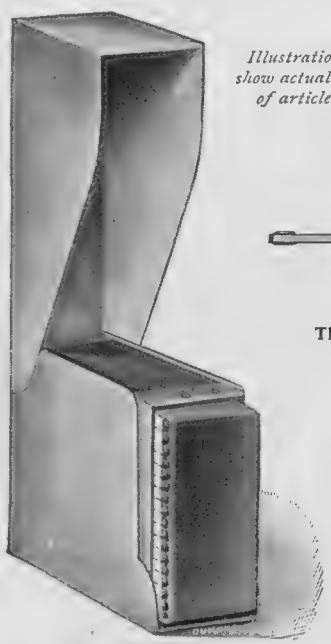
There is No Need for You to Do So.

There is a remedy for your trouble—a cure for your disease—simple, sure, and safe, if you will only try it. In a very short time you will feel and look your old self again, and be able to indulge in all your old pastimes—and with an added zest.

Clynol Berries

Is the friend of the over-fat woman—the remedy for her disease. One little brown berry, taken three times a day, after meals, will restore that lost symmetry, and bring back the lines of grace and beauty to her figure. Clynol Berries do their work quickly and thoroughly. They do not leave the skin either loose or wrinkled, but tone up the muscles so that the face and figure are firm, and the skin smooth and soft. A course of Clynol berries is specially recommended to women suffering with a double chin, one of the most unsightly beauty-destroying afflictions a woman can have. Four berries per day quickly reduce it, leaving the face a beautiful oval, the chin firm and rounded. Try them and watch the result. It will surprise and charm you.

A fresh consignment of "berries" in excellent condition is now available. Large box post free 4s. 6d. in the United Kingdom only. Abroad 6d. extra. ALL CHEMISTS, or direct from PARKER BELMONT and Co., 32, THEOBALD'S ROAD, LONDON, W.C.



Illustrations show actual size of articles.

Charles Packer & Co

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

Money returned in full if not approved.

MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES OF ANY REGIMENT.

In 15-ct. GOLD.

All £2 2 0 each.

The Army Service Corps.

The Royal West Surrey.

THE MILITARY LUMINOUS WATCH WRISTLET.

Luminous Hands and Figures. One-Piece Screw-in Silver Case.

£2 15 0

Fine Quality Lever Movement. The Ideal Watch for Active Service.

The "Wind-Screen" Match Box Case. Solid Silver, £1 1 0

Enables a light to be obtained under all conditions.

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

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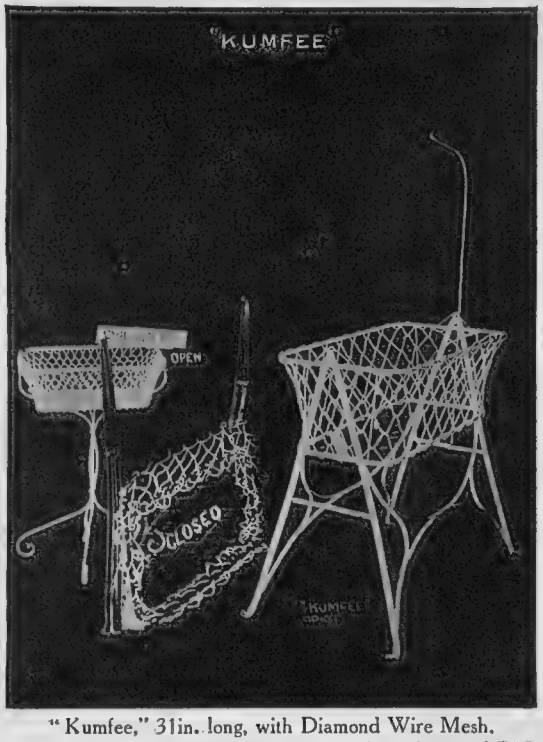
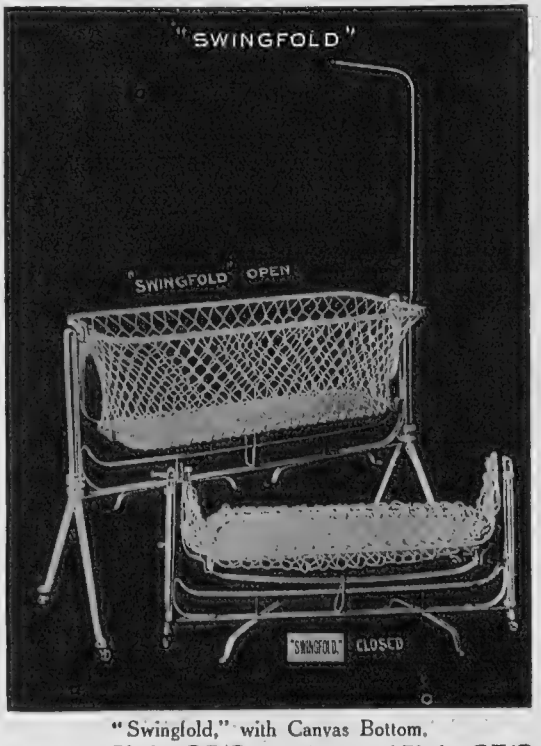
Metal Folding Swing Cots, corded sides, can be packed into small space for travelling. The following are stocked ready for immediate delivery.

Bedstead and Bedding



"Kumfee," 31in. long, with Diamond Wire Mesh.
Japanned Black ... **11/6** White Enamel **13/9**

"Kompax" Folding Basket
Japanned Black .....**14/6** White Enamel **16/-**



"Swingfold," with Canvas Bottom.
34in. long { Black **26/6** / White **30/-** 39in. long { Black **37/6** / White **45/-**

John Barker & Co., Ld.

MODERN & ANTIQUE FURNITURE.
KENSINGTON, W.

DAINTY AND INEXPENSIVE REST FROCKS

Designed by our own artist and made in our own workrooms from rich quality materials. The value of these gowns is quite exceptional, while the cut, style and finish are of a particularly high order.

REST GOWN, as sketch, in rich Chiffon Velvet, with deep sailor collar at back and front and stole ends to tie. Lined with satin to match, or contrast. In a large variety of shades.

PRICE **98/6**

Also in Charmeuse at the same price.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street
(Cavendish Square) London.W

Have you ever watched a . . child dance?

No. 777

HAVE you noted the exquisite rhythm of movement — the wonderful reflection of Nature through the child—the spirit of unquenchable youth expressing itself in the poetry of motion? For the child untrammelled by self-consciousness dances like a faun and the sight is good to behold.

But children cannot dance if their feet are cramped, for there is no poetry in an ill-fitting pair of dancing shoes. The Phat-Pheet dancing sandal (No. 777) is planned to give absolute freedom to everyone of the innumerable tiny muscles of the foot. It is flexible to a degree, fits snugly round the heel and does not gape at any point.

Stocked in black glacé kid—No. 777, in broad, medium and sandal shapes. In bronze glacé—No. 778 and brown glacé—No. 789, in broad and sandal shapes. In white suède—No. 779, white satin—No. 779½, pale blue satin—No. 779B, and pink satin—No. 779P, in broad shape.

Sizes	7-10	10½-12	12½-1	1½-2	2½-6
Prices 777 & 779	5/3	5/6	5/11	5/11	5/11
779½ & 789	6/-	6/6	6/11	7/11	7/11
778, 777B & 779P	6/-	(8-10) 6/6	6/11	7/11	—

Sample sandal loaned for Inspection on receipt of 4d. for postage, etc.

For the "Phat Pheet" booklet write to

Daniel Neal

& SONS LIMITED
Dept. 18—126, Kensington High Street, W.
Fitting rooms also at 68-70, Edgware Road, W., and 123, High Street, Putney, S.W.

"Every Requisite for the Comfort of our Soldiers at the Front."

Turnbull & Asser

Sporting and Military Hosiers.

KHAKI STOCKING PUTTEES

(Light and Medium Weights).

For use in Home Service when off parade, or at the Front when out of the firing line. The Stockings present the same appearance as regulation puttees, but can be taken on and off in a second. Officers have found them the greatest comfort and relief as a quick change after the strain caused to the legs by ordinary puttees.

PRICE 7/10 post free (United Kingdom)

„ 8/2 post free (Abroad)

THE UNTEARABLE COMBINATION PONCHO AND GROUND-SHEET

LIGHT in weight, yet strong and thoroughly waterproof, the fabric does not tear, is durable, and yields long service. With simple adjustable neck excluding all wet, and arms protected by fasteners, it can be worn as a Rainproof Cape when standing or walking, and as a Waterproof Double or Single Ground-Sheet when resting or sleeping. When not in use it folds up into a small waterproof envelope, 9½ by 7 inches, weighing little over a pound.

PRICE **31/6** Post free (U.K.) **31/11**

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71-72, JERMYN ST., LONDON, S.W.

(5 doors from St. James's Street.)

Telegrams: "Paddywhack, London." Telephone: 4628 Gerrard.

My name is Carolina Cheruto and I am as big as this.

What will Mr. McKenna (*Chancellor of the Exchequer*) do to me?

To-day five of me cost only 1/6.

To-morrow that 1/6 may be double.

It all depends upon the Chancellor and his new Budget.

He wants a lot of money. And to get it, some people say he will double the duty on Havana cigars.

If he does, then because I am CAROLINA CHERUTO, from HAVANA, my price will be double.

Many people say I really am worth double my price, but -- why wait, when you can lay in a stock of me to-day -- at the 5-for-1/6 price (100 for 27/6).

Carolina CHERUTO

5 for 1/6 27/6 per 100.

Sold by all Tobacconists.

Should smokers find any difficulty in obtaining Carolina CHERUTO, please write for name of nearest dealer to:—

M. P. Troy *Dashwood House, London, E.C.*

Selling Agent (to Importers only) for Henry Clay and Bock & Co., Ltd.

La Corona
J. S. Murias
Cabanas-y-Carbajal
Villar-y-Villar
Henry Clay
Pedro Murias
Flor de Cuba
Manuel Garcia
Cubanola
Bock
La Carolina

Fashions' Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Modes of the Immediate Future

IT has been my great good fortune during the past week to meet in exclusive quarters some very interesting and novel *modes*, one and all whereof bore the unmistakable hall-mark of Paris. And it will certainly be a surprise to a large number to learn that the displays included quite a number of evening dresses, and, what is more, delicately coloured examples.

The dearest little frock for a young wearer was composed of delphinium-blue taffeta, the skirt arranged in a series of small flat pleats, surmounted by an extremely high, lightly folded belt, which with a soft berthe of needle-run lace accounted for the corsage. Berthes are once again a recognised feature, together with the round *décolletage*, and there is clearly an obvious intention to revive some of the *modes* of the Watteau period when a favourable opportunity presents itself.

Another striking little evening dress carried out in blue tulle rather vivid in colouring had a mass of superposed frills arranged round the hem of the skirt, each one stitched with a narrow line of silver, over which fell a long tunic edged with fox fur, the corsage being of similarly frilly, rather fussy, character.

The Vogue of the Baggy Cape Coat

Tailor-mades have never been more entrancing, and I have a vista before me of many a pleasant tale to unfold. The all round band is vanishing in favour of a detached affair arranged either side and sometimes continued round to the front, passing beneath the flap to large patch pockets. But the coat that is going easily to head the van is an exceedingly free sacque that would, save for the sleeves, really be no other than a cape. A distinctive feature of the cut is an exceedingly shapely shoulder, the *godets* developing imperceptibly from about the shoulder-blades, and from there gradually gathering in force until an extremely voluminous hem is attained. In nigger, navy, and black gabardare, stitched broad silk military braid, these coats, accompanied by proportionately full circular skirts, have merely to be seen to be coveted. They represent the very epitome of *chic*.

A notable alliance, also, is velveteen and Georgette. For the three-piece suit there is no more attractive selection. A black scheme on these lines was eminently successful, the skirt being mainly composed of the velvet, mounted on to a full tucked top of the Georgette, as was likewise the corsage, which took the guise of a little waistcoat, fitted with sleeves of Georgette and soft kerchief folds about the neck.

WHITE WINGS ON A BROWN VELVET TOQUE

An original "Bystander" design, sketched by Dorothy Millar and described on this page. The picturesque fur collar is of brown wolf

A Toque and a New Type of Collar

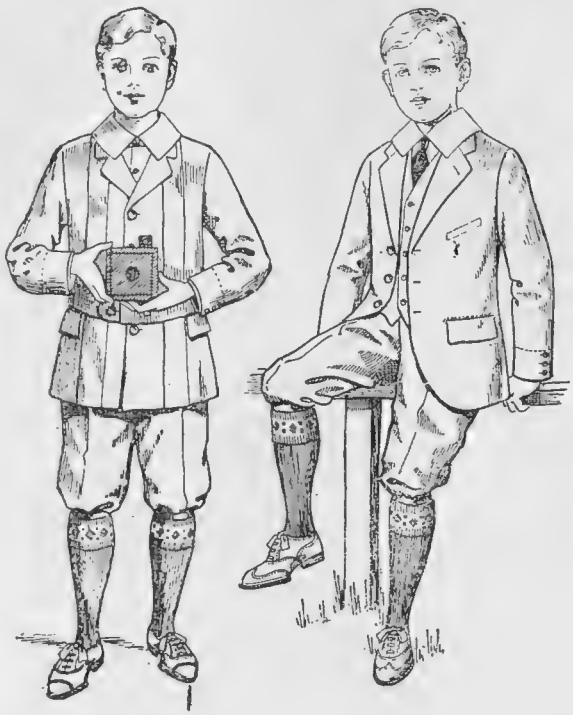
The original suggestion for this week is of a small brown velvet toque, almost concealed by two bizarre white wings, the one taking a lower sweep than the other. A piquant face is necessary to complete a perfect *ensemble*, while the high picturesque collar worn is brown wolf. This type of collar is sure to secure a large following, and many varying expressions. Indeed, it is quite probable it will prove a serious rival to the short fur tie, since it can easily be made a removable feature through the medium of press studs, a fact that at once enhances its worth.

Autumn Term Time

To the inexperienced the choice of a boy's school outfit is a matter fraught with considerable difficulties. There are regulation lists, correct styles in coats and suits, and numerous other details to be taken into due account that

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded from page ix)

only experts can adequately contend with, together with the most economical and best methods of setting about procuring thoroughly satisfactory results. From among many sources of reliable worth the old-established firm of Gamage, Holborn, stands out conspicuously in the front rank. These people invariably make a point of selling only genuinely reliable goods at the lowest possible prices, a rule that applies very particularly to the boys' outfitting section of the house. The expert in charge knows to the last letter of the alphabet all the recognised requirements, and is, furthermore, ready and willing to give valuable advice on the subject. A very helpful procedure on the part of Gamage's is the arrangement of special outfits at a stated sum. The first price of "A Gamage Outfit" complete is £10 5*s.* 5*d.*, and when required slight alterations can be made, such as the substitution of a tweed suit for an Eton, or *vice versa*, and, of course, the outfits can be supplemented to any extent.

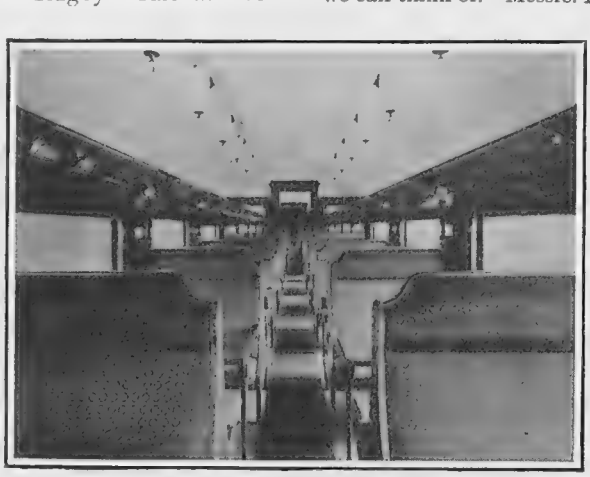


"NORFOLK" AND "RUGBY" SUITS FOR BOYS

As supplied by Messrs. Gamage, the well-known outfitters of Holborn, and described on this page by Mrs. Jack May

A suit that is meeting with universal approval is a particularly nice "Rugby." This is made in good durable tweeds, well calculated to withstand hard wear, a feature that must inevitably appeal as both sensible and economical, being the provision of two pairs of knickers, the latter garment necessarily wearing out long before the vest and jacket. A sketch of this most admirable little "Rugby" suit will be found close at hand, the sizes kept in stock for boys being from five to ten, and 27*s.* 6*d.* the one price asked. A similar suit for boys from eleven to fifteen can be had in tweeds and navy serges at a commencing price of 19*s.* 9*d.*, this naturally not including two pairs of knickers.

A Norfolk suit forms the subject of the other sketch, this a well-cut, smart little model, likewise supplied with two pairs of knickers, and costing 23*s.* 6*d.* for boys from four to nine years of age. Ready-to-wear Eton suits, orthodox in every respect, come out at very moderate prices, 16*s.* 6*d.* securing a well-made jacket and vest for a boy of six years or thereabouts, hair-line trousers starting at 5*s.* 6*d.* the pair. Overcoats suitable to all ages and supplied in various styles are likewise provided at exceptionally low prices, while every kind of hat from the regulation "topper" and mortar board to caps, the latter in all the school colourings, are kept in stock. Gamage's pyjama suits, again, claim interested attention, a speciality of the firm, the "*De Luxe* Pyjama," costing only 6*s.* 11*d.* each, or three pairs can be had for 19*s.* 6*d.*



THIRD-CLASS PULLMAN CAR

The latest refinement of cheap travel inaugurated on the Brighton and Eastbourne services of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway last week

Petrol-Gas for Lighting and Cooking

There is abundant evidence that the use of petrol gas for lighting and cooking purposes in the home is on the increase, and no system shows better or more economical results than that employed by Messrs. Spenser's, Ltd., of 53b, South Molton Street, W. Installations can be supplied for the smallest of riverside bungalows, country cottages, etc., up to buildings requiring 1,000 lights, and a plant of 200 lights has recently been supplied to Sir Wm. Ferguson-Davie, of Creedy Park, Crediton. A shipping order for twenty machines has also been received for New Zealand, which proves the appreciation of this form of light for houses that are beyond the reach of town supply. The cost of a 30-light installation works out at about 1*s.* a week (average for the year), a figure which can be easily borne out by reference to any of the owners of these or larger plants.

Weather-Proof Garden Furniture

No small article of equipment for hospital use could be so welcome now as the gift of a teakwood tea wagon. Ranging in price from three guineas, with the lifetime's durability that seasoned teakwood gives, it represents one of the most patriotically philanthropic investments we can think of. Messrs. Hughes, Bolckow and Co., Ltd., the well-known Blyth battleship breakers, invite inspection of various models at their West End showrooms, 10, Dover Street, W., where, in addition to tea wagons, a full range of weather-proof teakwood garden furniture is on view.

Third-Class Pullman Cars

We reproduce on this page a photograph of one of the new third-class Pullman cars which started running on the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway at the beginning of last week. They afford another instance of the company's desire to meet the needs and to study the comfort, even to the point of luxury, of the ever increasing number of passengers to the South Coast. Three cars are now in use for the Brighton and Eastbourne services, each seating fifty-six passengers, and similar cars will be introduced into other services as soon as possible. The fare is the same as the present third-class, plus a supplement of ninepence only.

Wilson & Gill

139 & 141 Regent Street
LONDON, W.

BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED
REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES

18-ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colours, Platinised Silver Serpent, £3 17 6
With Diamond Serpent, £6 10 0

Fine Gold, Platinum and Diamond Brooch, £4 10 0

18-ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colours, set Diamonds, £5 10 0
Others from £7 0 0 to £25 0 0

ANY REGIMENTAL OR NAVAL BADGE can be Reproduced in Gold or Enamel, with or without Precious Stones, from £3.10.0 to £50. Sketches and Estimates on Application.

Take Benger's Food to your invalid.

It is appetising and dainty! Even the fresh new milk used to prepare it is made lighter and much more easy to digest.

BENGER'S FOOD

is different from any other food, and is made in a different way——

Fresh new milk is always used, and in a few minutes (*see Directions*) both the food and the milk become blended into a dainty cream by a gentle first process of digestion, self-contained in the Food.

This distinguishes Benger's from all others, and to this it owes its unique position as the Food the Doctor orders.

An interesting booklet explaining Benger's Food, post free from

BENGER'S FOOD Ltd., Manchester.
Branch Offices: NEW YORK (U.S.A.) 90, Beekman St. SYDNEY (N.S.W.) 117, Pitt St. and Depots throughout CANADA.

B208

NEWTON, CHAMBERS & CO., LTD.
THORNCLIFFE IRON WORKS, near SHEFFIELD.
Telegrams: Estab. 1793. *Telephone No. 2200.*
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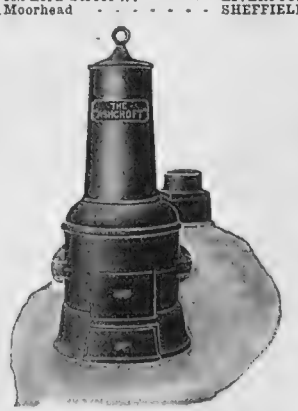

THE "ASHCROFT" BOILER.
This Boiler is very suitable for Garage and Greenhouse Heating as particulars below.

Size	To Heat	Tapping	Dia. of Smoke Pipe	Price Exclusive of Smoke Pipe
No. 1 12in. x 8in.	40ft.	1in.	4in.	£1 12 6
,, 2 12in. x 12in	60ft.	1in.	4in	£2 2 6
,, 3 12in x 16in	80ft.	1in	4iv	£2 11 0

GREENHOUSE.		GARAGE	
	ft. in. ft. in. ft. in.		ft. in. ft. in. ft. in.
No. 1 Boiler,	11 0 x 11 0 x 8 0	No 1 Boiler,	20 0 x 20 0 x 10 0
,, 2 ,,	11 0 x 16 0 x 8 0	,, 2 ,,	25 0 x 25 0 x 10 0
,, 3 ,,	11 0 x 21 0 x 8 0	,, 3 ,,	28 0 x 28 0 x 10 0
Or Same Area			

The FRENCH Natural Mineral Water.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

for disorders of the LIVER: GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES, RHEUMATISM and all ailments, arising from Uric Acid.

N.B.—The Springs are situated in FRANCE in the department of the Allier, and are the property of the

FRENCH GOVERNMENT

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Motoring in Search of the Practical

By ALEX. J. M. GRAY

A1 AT LLOYD'S ROAD—

Which is in Madras. This is another example of the All-British 9.5 h.p. Standard, and another proof of its acceptability in our Dominions beyond the sea

"Impracticable"

I AM informed that any idea of one-model concentration, which I think I suggested about five years ago as one way of possible salvation for the British manufacturer of motor-cars up against the stress of fierce American competition—an idea which has recently been many times revived—is impracticable. But, then, what idea isn't impracticable until it proves itself otherwise? Stephenson's locomotive was impracticable; Marconi's wireless; the conception of horseless carriages on the road; dynamic flight. Even the idea of an American motor-car invasion was laughed out, and we were bidden to remember the sad case of the American bicycle.

***

The Inevitable Tendency

Therefore one model concentration was bound to be impracticable, notwithstanding that the whole tendency of British motor-car manufacture is toward the elimination of many models; and despite the fact that two of our very outstanding successes are one model products. The idea will continue to be impracticable until there isn't a factory in the United Kingdom turning out more than one vehicle. Then Sapiency and Quidnuncery will announce they told us so, or that, of course, it was inevitable.

***

A Matter of Economics

The last argument I have before me is that motor-car manufacturers would not agree to keep out of any particular power field, but would make the car they thought they could best make and sell, regardless of the fact that, just around the corner, an exactly similar vehicle was already being made. Who was the imbecile who expected to tie anybody's hands in the way suggested? Let everybody concentrate upon the same shape and power of car if they like, and let the market eliminate the unfit. The which it can be relied upon to do most coldly and with merciless precision. One model concentration means a definite decision to cut adrift from the policy of waste and duplication inherent in the many-models-per-factory system, not with any regard for the feelings or the banking account of the fellow next door, but solely in order, by specialisation, to have scope for larger production at more economical

(*Continued on page* xiv)

WHEN you see a bi-plane "going good" think of the Arrol-Johnston.

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MOTORING (concluded from page xii)

rates. One model per factory is the only wear to-morrow, however impracticable it may appear to the hard-headed practical person of to-day.

***

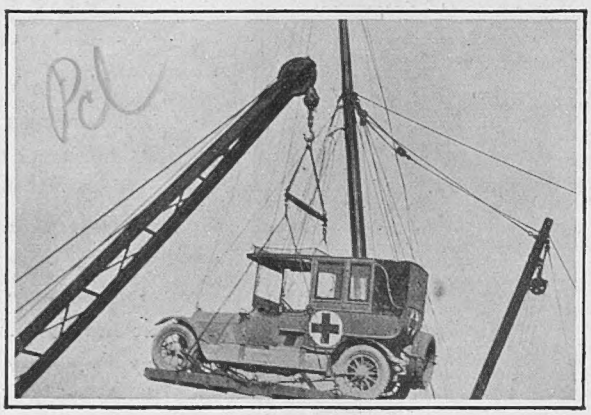
A Pooling Proposition

The only suggestion I ever made along co-operative lines had nothing to do with a bond, or any such fatuous document, designed to split up the industry into definite spheres of production—X to make a "15," Y a "17," and Z a "20"—and to be left free of all home competition while doing it. Nothing more intelligent than a pink-eyed rabbit would have evolved such an addle-pated idea, or consented to discuss it. My only suggestion was the possibility of many companies pooling a portion of their capitals, building a separate organisation up out of such pooled capital, and going out after the production in quantity of one vehicle designed to make show against the standardised American car; possibly using the other factories of the contributing companies for the manufacture of some of the standardised parts—one factory concentrating upon one part and another on another.

***

Prophecy

I submitted that suggestion about six years ago. It was impracticable, of course. Since when one American car company which specialised on one model and had some of its parts manufactured in bulk by other specialists, has multiplied its output and sales by about ten both in America and in this country; while another American car, then practically unknown, has leaped up beyond a 50,000 demand, and has made and captured a market of its own. If the British manufacturers had collaborated, or a number of them had been able to collect new capital for the purpose, and had thought in terms of, and catered for, an Empire market, there is no special reason why they should not now be putting up a most successful and profitable fight against American competition. But the idea was impracticable, and—and here we are crying out against one model production and its devastating effect upon our many-model system. Now watch and see how we eliminate the practical policy of many models and substitute the impracticable policy of one model. We are a great people and can learn a lesson with anybody—preferably later than sooner.



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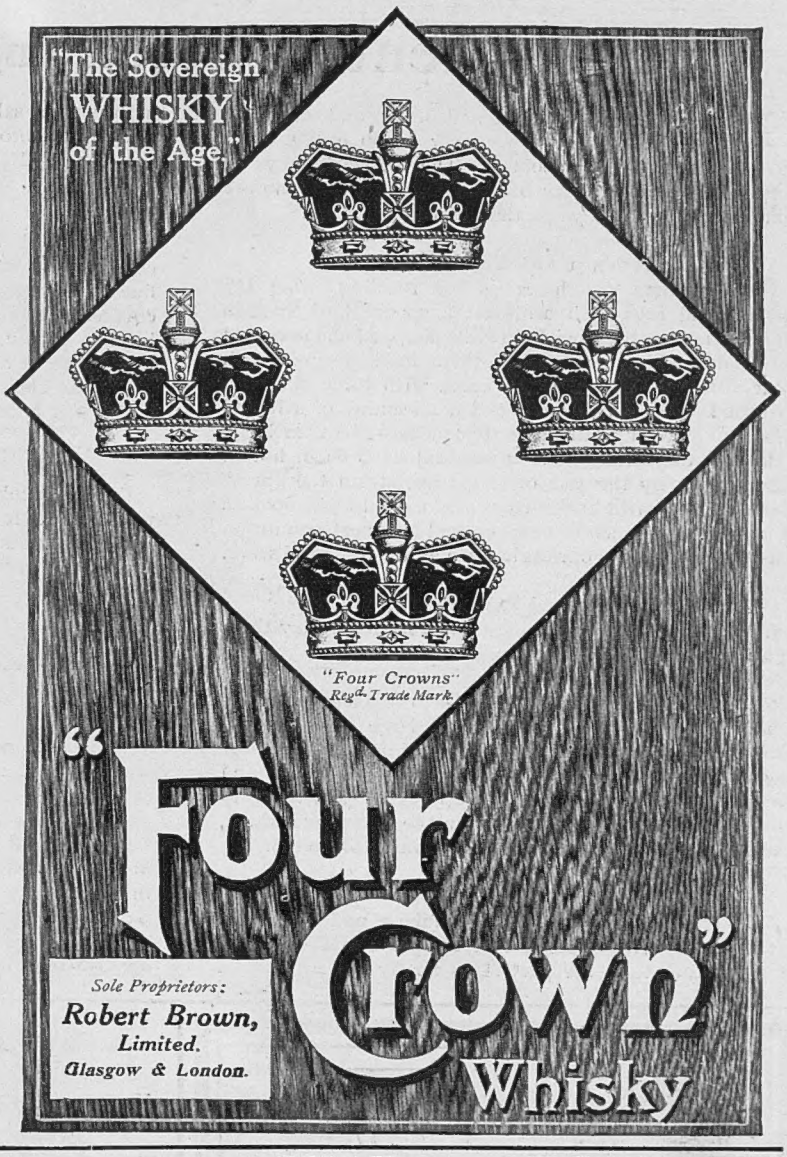
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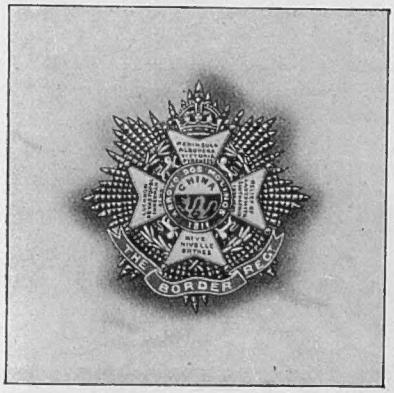

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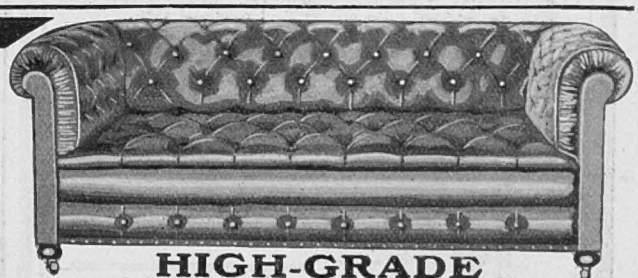

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The Menu: Concerning Partridges

GAME should be always well hung and carefully prepared, as the flavour may be so easily spoilt by indifferent or bad cooking. The following ways of preparing partridges may be a novelty to those who are anxious to try other ways than that of roasting.

Partridges with Piquante Sauce

Prepare three partridges as for roasting, wipe the insides, and into each bird put a spoonful of Spanish onion which has been boiled in milk, chopped and seasoned with salt and pepper. Place them in a stewpan with some stock, a piece of onion stuck with three cloves, a slice of lean bacon or ham, and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Simmer until perfectly tender—about an hour. Take out the birds, drain them, and keep them hot in another pan by the side of the stove, strain the gravy, and thicken it with brown roux, add a good tablespoonful of port wine, a pinch of nutmeg, and a dessertspoonful of red-currant jelly. Pour the sauce over the birds and serve.

Braised Partridges

Truss two or three partridges for braising and lay them in a stewpan on some small pieces of bacon, two carrots, one onion, a little butter, and some thyme. Put in the birds, breast downwards, and let them braise over a slow fire for thirty minutes. Wash one large or two small cabbages, place them on the birds, put over them a pint of good stock, and let them cook until the cabbage and birds are tender. Cut the birds up neatly, dish them up in the centre of the cabbage, strain the gravy over them, and serve. This is a good way of cooking old birds.

Partridge Pudding

Two good-sized partridges will make a pudding. Lay a thin piece of rump steak over the paste at the bottom of the basin, then the partridges neatly cut up, season with pepper, salt, and a little mace; pour over a quarter of a pint of brown gravy; cover with paste, and boil for two hours. Mushrooms can be added if liked

Broiled Partridge

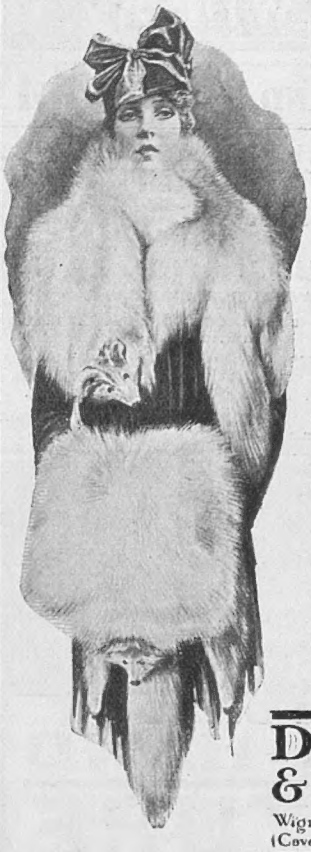
Divide and flatten the bird, season it with pepper or cayenne, dip it into clarified butter, and then into very fine breadcrumbs, and take care that every part be equally covered; place over a clear fire or under the gas grill, and broil it gently for about twenty minutes. Send it to table with brown mushroom sauce, if for dinner, but if for a breakfast dish, a good slice of butter put on the moment it is taken off the grill would be preferred.

Partridge Salad

Cut some cold roast partridge into neat pieces, and let them marinade for an hour or two in a mixture of oil and vinegar, seasoned with pepper, salt, and some chopped tarragon. Then arrange the pieces of partridge in a salad-bowl, surround them with nicely shredded lettuce, and decorate the whole with hard-boiled eggs in quarters, sliced gherkins, and filleted anchovies. Sprinkle over all the mixture in which the partridges were marinaded.

Partridge Soufflé

Roast two partridges, remove all the meat from the bones, put it into a basin, and mix well with 2 oz. of cooked rice, 1 oz. of butter, a little pepper and salt, and one gill and a half of glaze. Pass all this through a hair-sieve, and add the yolks of four eggs and then the whites of two eggs whipped to a stiff froth, put into a mould or in small casserole cups, and bake in a quick oven. Serve with a good gravy, made from the bones and trimmings and thickened with butter and cornflour A purée of spinach may be served with it. EMILIA



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